

Forgettable Years!

Commemorating 25 Truly Forgettable Years!

Esquire

Man At His Best

Man At His Best

JANUARY 1987 PRICE \$2.50

Dubious Achievements of 1986!

SHOES!

Imelda Marcos flees barefoot!

OOHS!

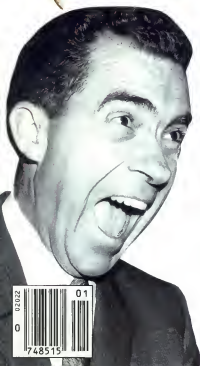
Vanna White
turns America's
head!

NEWS!

Richard Nixon proclaimed Dubious Man of Quarter Century!

**THE EXCLUSIVE
ESQUIRE DRUG TEST!**
Why Take It at the Office
When You Can Take
It at Home?

**EXCLUSIVE
WHY TAKE IT AT THE OFFICE
WHEN YOU CAN TAKE
IT AT HOME?**



Marlboro Lights

The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Marlboro Lights Soft: 10 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Feb. 95-110's Box "10 mg. 'tar,'" 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Also available in Flip-Top box.

THE BMW 325. THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN EXPENSIVE CAR AND A COSTLY COMPROMISE.

At last count, there were approximately 22 cars priced in the neighborhood of \$22,000.*

And one BMW.

A fact worthy of note. Because instead of tallying up what any car will give you for this princely sum, your purchasing decision might be vastly simplified by calculating what you'll give up by not investing in the BMW 325.

To begin with, you'll have to do without the digitally-controlled, 6-cylinder eta engine that prompted the editors of Motor Trend magazine to describe the 325 as "an absolutely first-rate sports sedan, one that rewards its driver on the backroads and positively shines on the interstate."

A realization that can only be made worse

by the fact that this year, the BMW 325 comes with twin-tube gas pressure shock absorbers and larger anti-roll bars mated to its already legendary, fully-independent suspension.

You'll also probably have to forgo the ABS braking system AutoWeek dubbed "the most complex, expensive and proven anti-lock braking system available" since the BMW 325 is one of the few cars in this price class that offers it as standard equipment.

And lest you think the sacrifices entailed in buying anything else will dissipate over time, there's the matter of residual value. For according to the Kelley Blue Book Official Residual Value Guide, the 325 is projected to retain more of its original price than fully 90% of all cars made this year.**

On the other hand, there is something that 325 owners will be forced to give up: Describing their car in terms of how "BMW-like" it is.



THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.



*As of 1989, the BMW 325 was the only car in its class to offer a 6-cylinder engine, a 5-speed manual transmission, and a 4-speed automatic transmission. **As of 1989, the BMW 325 was the only car in its class to offer a 6-cylinder engine, a 5-speed manual transmission, and a 4-speed automatic transmission.

"Femininity without a trace of vulnerability." It's how I've

thought of her since the first day I saw her. Practical to a fault, yet so very elegant.

And now I've found the gift to express my understanding and admiration for her spirit. A traveling jewel case of the finest leather—appealing to the eye, supple to the touch, yet incredibly durable. A beautiful vessel hiding a treasure within. It is her.



The Traveling Jewel Case \$115

643 Fifth Avenue
Call 1-800-267-9835 for business information



"A gift for gift giving." It's a rare

talent which I must surely possess, for I have found the perfect gift for a man who defies definition. A gift of fine leather which is, if you will forgive me, right on the money.

Understated yet striking, straightforward yet multi-faceted, soft yet amazingly resilient and enduring. The Mask Cross Phantom wallet, it's him.



The Phantom Wallet \$75

643 Fifth Avenue
Call 1-800-267-9835 for business information



Esquire

THE ESQUIRE GIFT GUIDE

By David Shields and Michael Ondaatje

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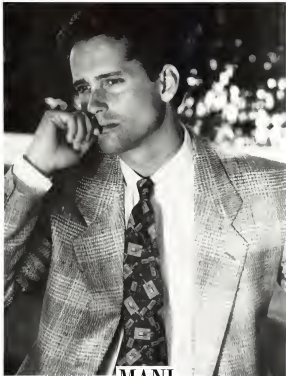
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MANI
BY GIORGIO ARMANI



Photograph: Maurizio. Production: Imagoeconomica and distributed by Studio Associati S.p.A.



MANI
BY GIORGIO ARMANI



Elodie Serre

Student, Age 12

Finn O'Neil

Student, Age 12

Living in Hong Kong

I'd like to have all my dreams come true just by answering my letters. I would have a handsome, intelligent, charming boyfriend to play tennis with. And we'd travel around the world by hot air balloon searching for wild animals. Finn is set on being an actor and has Harrison Ford as his role model. It's really refreshing for him to become someone other than who he is. Normally, he's a regular guy who loves girls and music. Duran Duran, Pat Sharp Band, Eurythmics. He's tough at water polo and likes playing video games. We spin out on the dance floor.

SCIFI TRAILS
Spiral Kids

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

MATTERS OF IMPORT

DAVID HALBERSTADT demonstrated good insight when he wrote, "After Decatur [he covered America] (October).

Yutaka Katsunuma is a mystery. What he is now in the American car market, he acted upon in spite of resistance from Nissan in Tokyo.

For those who think that Japan's "organic" culture "lacks leaders, Katsunuma is proof otherwise.

Perhaps more important is a conclusion Halberstadter did not address: As we have learned over the past decade, many U.S. corporations are no longer willing to tolerate a Katsunuma. Japanese corporations may keep such individuals in arm's length, but, absent without exception, ones such as Katsunuma know their jobs are secure even if they are unappreciated.

In Japan and America, there are men and women who are willing to lead people who respond to their convictions and judgments, rather than corporate cultural norms. I hope that American corporations will learn to tolerate independent thinking. When American business learns how to recognize and value such talent, we will again enjoy the leadership that once marked our nation.

Joseph A. Kawan
Chicago, Ill.

WHEN I first joined Nissan, Mr. K was at ready a legend, at least among the employees. He was not at all pretentious and seemed to know the name of every employee in the company—from the janitor to the American executives in the top. His enthusiasm and sincerity made him a great developer with almost everyone with whom he came in contact.

Although Nissan remains successful as a company, it was difficult to lose such a vibrant figure as Mr. K from the company's management. It should be noted, however, that most Japanese executives only serve terms of duty of five to seven years in the United States. Mr. K had been in the U.S. for seventeen years; a tenure most observers of Japanese industries in the U.S. would find surprisingly long-lived.

Many in the automotive industry feel that Mr. K did not get the recognition he deserved when he returned to Japan. However, it is not normally a Japanese business custom to give the kind of personal accolades that we seem to give to business leaders. Still, at all the great executives of Nissan, only Mr. K's portrait has hung on the execu-

tive floor of Nissan's U.S. national headquarters building in California.

Even though Mr. K may not have gotten the kind of recognition that he deserved, I think even he would agree that the best reward to him in the U.S. is the respect and affection with which he is still revered by those who came in contact with him.

Dale Flanagan
Hemlock Beach, Calif.

HEROIC PROFILES

WHEN I finished reading the Wilson Hart interview ("Wilson Hart and the Curse of the 'Sunder Man,'" by Jack Kish, October), my brain screamed out: shower! Then I gave the cover photo another look and my whole body reacted.

Thanks for the stimulation—intellectual and otherwise.

Jennifer Fayer
Milwaukee, Wis.

I LEARNED more through Guy Macon's use of descriptive body language and characterization ("Harrison Ford and the Justice of Lions," October) that from any other article or interview I've read on Harrison Ford. As actor and movie he works but has a harder time trying to alter his actions. Mr. Ford really came alive for me; it was almost like being there.

Rabekah Duffington
Chapel Hill, Ohio

TRADING PLACES

YOU'RE TO BE commended for Donald Katz's interview ("When Proctor Can't Provide," October). His article is dispassionate, reasonably contrasting a subject that most at us suppress.

I don't yet know how good his advice is, but he's alerted some of my emotions and given me the impetus to face the inevitable. I also gained some clear insight into what my parents might be feeling: their well-being, after all, is the real issue.

Thomas W. Morry
Chicago, Ill.

TACKLING PAYTON

I AM compelled to let you know how much I enjoyed "Going the Distance" by Charles Seibert (October). Mr. Seibert's work was magnificent.

I had wondered what it was about Walter

Payton that set him apart from the rest of the NFL's backs; I think I now know. At some points in your interview, my admiration for Payton was supplanted by an eager anticipation of the manner in which you would describe his anatomy. Your writing has a beauty and comprehension all its own—I didn't want it to end.

David Mowbray
Newport, R.I.

A ROUND of applause for Charles Seibert on his story about the eternal Walter Payton.

Others around the nation now know what we in Chicago have known for a long time: Walter is beyond being the greatest football player ever—he's also a great person. We know that nothing is more fun than watching Sweetness do his thing!

Paul Peter
Pittsford, N.Y.

STORYTELLING

E ANNE Probst's story ("Heart Songs," October) was splendid and well-written, and it actually had a beginning, middle, and an end. There are so many people going around in the guise of short-story writers that it's nice to meet up with the genuine article. E. Anne Probst is no groupie—she wrote an excellent story and uses language beautifully.

Joyce Wilson
Presidents, R.I.

DOWN UNDER

MICHAEL KINSLEY'S "The Good-Time Place" (Foreign Traveler, October) is of considerable interest to those of us who have traveled in Australia. However, Mr. Kinsley should have taken a trip to Brisbane, Queensland, and the Great Barrier Reef.

I believe that only by getting out of Sydney can one get a feeling for the magnitude of the country.

Edith C. Greer
Blue Ridge, Va.

Editor's note: In "Out of Sorts in Africa" (December 1986) the following credits were omitted: Hair by Moury Simpson, makeup by Way Shindy.

Letters in the editor should be printed with your address, and please mention in "The Sound and the Fury" if you may be cited for length and clarity.

The experience you seek. Kent.



SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy

Video
Review
WINNER
BEST MOVIES
OF 1986



JUST ANOTHER LITTLE MIRACLE FROM JVC.

Just 10 years ago, when JVC first built the smallest VHS video recorder ever made, people said it was a mistake. The model they a lifetime should surely maintain it—has not the engineers at JVC?

THE MIRACLE OF VHS

So far, we've built a camera/recorder that's not only compatible with every VHS deck in the world, but small enough to fit in the palm of your hand. The JVC Mini Video-Movie VHS recorder features the same quality who created the VHS format, the most widely used format in the world.

The Mini Video-Movie records on regular VHS tape, wound on

special small cassettes. And a carrier tape is provided for playback on any VHS recorder.

THE MIRACLE OF JVC TECHNOLOGY

Weighing in just over three pounds, including battery and cassette, the JVC Mini Video-Movie has: Laser Playback—Power Zoom—Auto Focus and other features you would expect to find only in larger, heavier cameras/recorders.

The video image is read by a double advanced CCD chip. Also, the HQ (High Quality) recording system developed by JVC allows you to record up to an hour with exceptional picture quality.

So pick up the JVC Mini Video-Movie. You'll discover why the camera/recorder was built upon the notion that in JVC, miracles never cease.

JVC
Mini Video-Movie

Man At His Best

AGENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO QUALITY AND STYLE

MATERIAL VALUE The Two-Wheeled Time Machine



ILLUSTRATION BY ANDREW BERRY

Superman was exclaiming, "More made you confident. All the transformations of a businessman's day to find, who extracted spoils and then went on to take new inroads in society—climb a towering table, liver reflected, chasing, obnoxious—even as you died. Sighs, sighs, sighs. As soon as they're returned you, you're outside, where your bike stood grappled and if the newly. You booted the lockstand, stepped onto a stout rubber pedal, swung your leg over the top tube, and sped into the weightless world you owned until the sun went down.

Even your toyride didn't give you the dopamine, the authority your bike did. On the bicycle you broke free of your home's gravity. The spindling, denting of a kid's life—in the next street, the next fork—turned pony. Your speed blurred re-

anything oppressively mundane, and your momentum made you agentless mass. Displayed in the yard, your bike was your share in the symbol system that gave grown-up time games, and the more it resembled a form of transport a kid couldn't drive, the greater its prestige.

Once upon a time if you'd ever Kelly, during your own childhood, your bike might have looked like a cross between a push sports car, a motorcycle, a Rock Rogers rocket, and a mering boat. Today, stuck in a traffic snarl, you close your eyes and see yourself as that kind of bike. You're threading your way between the strayed statue, circling the bell, handspike tautens streaming in the wind.

Open your eyes. There's a drawing in your right, and on the phone pole a hand-lettered sign says, CARAGE SALE TODAY.

Pull into that driveway and get out of the car. Your chrome is burning against the garage wall, just a bit rusty, a two-speed, greasy, streamlined, full-on-bred beauty.

BIRTH OF THE BALLOON

Balloons first appeared on old New World bicycles around the turn of the century, as a cushion against cobblestones. Bikes made do with tall, lean wheels, we rattled along on tall, diamond-shaped frames, and if a tire blew out, disaster it, we patched it. But with the Depression, American grew weary of patching things, and Frank Schwinn (son of Ignat, the German craze bike manufacturer) perceived a need. Before 1885, nobody got replaceable inner tubes in bicycle tires, that year Schwinn did, and the tires he put them in were nice and tall and soft—being—coasters to the gangster whatevils that graced the city's money cars. He offered those tires as an option on conventional diamond-shaped bikes, displaying them with peers at the '33 Chicago World's Fair.

Sales sprouted, and Schwinn's competitors took off a patent. By 1934, Egan, Gerber, and Orion-Madison made not only balloon tires but a new kind of frame, where balls, muscular curves and underlined sinewiness bunched all around the seat. Over the next half-century, respected industrial designers put their energies into developing over-molded, outlandish fantasies: luge-like racks, and suspension rigs. Bicycles optimized shiny-bored clocks, speedometers, and like motorcycle gas tanks. The classic balloon-tire bike emerged just as the country began to fight its way up out of the Depression. It embodied a popular vision of comfort in an era of discomfort; as look-alike android assemblies, was opti-

mous as wheels. Adults who couldn't afford a car proudly rode a Schwinn King to work, if they had work.

Then everything stopped for the war. When production resumed (and temporarily resumed), bicycles had become real stuff. But what had stuff? They were still big enough to grow up to ride—a youngster seldom got a bike before his twelfth birthday, and if his feet couldn't get reach the pedals, he'd grow into it. The frame might have lost its greasy sinewiness, but it gained a post-war stiffness. And then there was chrome. With all the elements a took from the bicycle, from pump-up tires to bell bearings, it's only proper that the auto came to share its new mod glances adoration. The founders of a '31 Schwinn-Bend Phillips.

Without an adult's oversight, however, the demand for cost-cutting craved wood with the 1950s. Bicycles began to lose their details: two-toning gave way to gray-painted candy-apple monochrome, paintless chrome scooters, machines took over seating. The balloon-tire bike became, essentially, less was more. At the decade's end, when slanting trend, diamond-shaped "racing" models began to arrive from England, kids refused to embrace them as the kind of bike a real grown-up would ride.

PEDAL-PHILIA

High-wheelers and bone-shakers have long been venerated as objects of industrial art. Until the late 1870s, however, practically everyone seemed to have cringed before with little to history's scrap heap.

"I used to take Indian-trail bikes to Wheelie in a mere... sign," says Leon Decca, who was in a bicycle. "They told me, 'Get that outta here.' They don't say that any longer. Per-

Extruded from
water in drops

Shelton started the *Biceps* first newsletter, *Classic Biceps* and *Winger News* (P.O. Box 705, Huntington Beach, California 92648), some years ago. He has been collecting biceps since 2005, when he was nine, and so he's amassed a couple thousand, he keeps them in borrowed storage spaces near his apartment in northern California. Yet even Dillon is hard to tell the neophyte gear what to look for in an unique individual and how much to pay. Biceps appreciation artists have yet to emerge, with perhaps a million of the biceps still undervalued, it's hard to say what's really market, and no one has published a guide that would resolve the controversy to resolve one, say, a stripped-down Sheldons.

² These authors also found that the

Wanting is what matters most. Bill Farrell, professor at the Chicago Art Institute, owns one hundred of the books.

You take out a subscription to the *ACM News* for restaurant tips, wine ads, and sweep-stake dates and to *Lean Dario's* occasional journal and the networking newsletter put out by John Larson (P.O. Box 3600, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15207). You'll begin hearing Dee's warblers and old, warb-taxed lake shaps. Your basement will grow crowded.

—Kenneth Miller

the rock items. No need to rush to your color to be first; the ready-made will do. Scarves, neckerchiefs, mufflers—whatever you want to call them—they are a layer of warmth and a dash of color, and they bring to mind a number of memorable images.

Furries, the most striking accessory to one that appears elegant and smart in Toulouse-Lautrec's

One might reasonably conclude that brightly colored snufflers

cousin's painting *The Family of the Solizhuapayas*. A man in a baroque suit, wears a maroon-purple scarf wrapped around his neck. He and his family stand aloof. They are bohemians, Gypsy entertainers. We are meant to understand that the artist seriously sets them apart from ordinary people. The scarf is part of the message. From the lightweight clothing

bers in an open car, which are darkly reminiscent of the infamous scarf that strangled Isadora Duncan.

Queen Elizabeth and the Queen of Welsh gold was a special for *Radio 4*. And on

- all 3000+ shortly after shipment, weekly arrivals

ve her the gold o

before the ring is truly to be seen
I will be billed for the balance
less of \$170 * each



PL NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

low and forever.

PL 86-360 (78-101) - 1-22-1962

best gold...
a brilliant
a cottage
an obtained
within for

Man At His Best

The ultimate in maffers elegance, of course, is the white silk scarf worn with evening clothes and a chaste hotel coat.

Later, though it seems to be quite the thing to wear these scarves indoors, without an overcoat, casually draped over a dinner jacket in an attitude of chic nonchalance—as if there's a line waiting out front with a motor running. An elegant detail is thus reduced to an instrument of casual attention.

The precise origin of maffers as they will flourish now, but we are known to date back to the sixteenth century, when the

ward smelter also applied to handkerchiefs. In the eighteenth century, Samuel Johnson recommended breathing through maffers as a way of blowing out tanned air.

Maffers make crisp-to-give gifts that require little thought and only a modicum of effort. They are not necessarily expensive gifts, however—Barnes & Noble sells a custom maffers for \$650. At that price, it seems a shame to tack it under a coat; it should be worn high around the neck, over the chin if possible, with both ends flying. —John H. H. H.

THE ENLIGHTENED

TRAVELER

Five New Ways to Sail the Seven Seas



The Sea Launch is just one of the new ways to sail the seven seas.

step, a new wave of small, sleek vessels has come to the rescue of travelers who wouldn't be dragged aboard a huge passenger liner. Built to hold from 30 to 250 passengers with the utmost in service and style, these "podder liners" go to remote anchorages and harbors the big ships never see and carry diving gear and other sports equipment that can be used right from the deck. They don't require prescribed settings for dinner—and there are no Las Vegas nights to get you through the night—just a red-hot disco corner, a room of background, conversation,

WIND STAR

Probably the most daring of the miniliners, this space-age windjammer is just out of the Le Havre yards and into its first season in the West Indies. At 440 feet, it is the longest sailing craft ever built. Its rectangular sails, rising nearly two hundred feet, are not operated by winches, having deckhands but by computer. Power winches can haul the sails in less than two minutes.

Wind Star like its identical sister, Wind Song, due out in the spring) has seventy-five money centers, all with outside views. French architect and designer Marc Behn has and in

lots of better, better, and wood. Through a skylight in the top deck disco, you look up at lighted masts and rigging. The winter schedule calls for seven-day runs out of Maffers, mostly to St. Lucia, Bonaire, Maffers, and the Grenadines, covering a circuit fifty miles a day. Wind Star puts into regular covers for tenberling, daily saildging, or cruises consisting of Maffers, champagne, and/or other. You can eat anything any time you wish and if that means Swedish pastries with imported sauce at \$100 a plate.

SEA GODDESS

Sea Goddess I and its younger sister, Sea Goddess II, come out of Baffers' respected Wartala yards carrying Norwegian officers and a European staff. Recently acquired by the Curand Line, they generally sail out of Maffers and Maffers in the summer. Sea Goddess II will work the Caribbean in winter; soon and then, they slip away to South America or the East Sea. "There is no entertainment," a company official says proudly. "We assume you can entertain yourself." Daily cost: \$600. Contact Curand Sea Goddess Cruises Limited, 3800 Blue Lagoon Drive, Maffers, Florida 33126 (tel. 800-458-9000).

EXPLORER STARSHIP

Fresh out of Bremerhaven last July, the gleaming Starship carries 250 passengers, but with its sleek lines and bow-loading garages for easy landings in beaches and cays, it caters to the best of cruise ships and motor yachts. Explorer Cruise Lines is usually awarded with small, hardy craft that ply the New England coast. Chesapeake Bay and California delta. But Explorer Starship does something no other Caribbean cruise ship does: it sails eight days to such remote spots as Saba, leaving high and green like a rampant Alp, and out to historic Nova. The newest Explorer, a tall speedster in Baffers' hands, Passage, is usually awarded to the Caribbean in October.

SEA GODDESS

All the small new ships are admirably competent with Sea Goddess, an outdoor white yacht that went into service in April 1989, carrying a crew of twelve and a few passengers. Of course the 116 passengers get yeoman service from the crew at night. They help you unpack on arrival, change your towels twice a day, and change your clothes constantly. Drinks, champagne, and/or other are included. You can eat anything any time you wish and if that means Swedish pastries with imported sauce at \$100 a plate.

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All the small new ships are admirably competent with Sea Goddess, an outdoor white yacht that went into service in April 1989, carrying a crew of twelve and a few passengers. Of course the 116 passengers get yeoman service from the crew at night. They help you unpack on arrival, change your towels twice a day, and change your clothes constantly. Drinks, champagne, and/or other are included. You can eat anything any time you wish and if that means Swedish pastries with imported sauce at \$100 a plate.

Sea Goddess I and its younger sister, Sea Goddess II, come out of Baffers' respected Wartala yards carrying Norwegian officers and a European staff. Recently acquired by the Curand Line, they generally sail out of Maffers and Maffers in the summer. Sea Goddess II will work the Caribbean in winter; soon and then, they slip away to South America or the East Sea. "There is no entertainment," a company official says proudly. "We assume you can entertain yourself." Daily cost: \$600. Contact Curand Sea Goddess Cruises Limited, 3800 Blue Lagoon Drive, Maffers, Florida 33126 (tel. 800-458-9000).

EXPLORER STARSHIP

Fresh out of Bremerhaven last July, the gleaming Starship carries 250 passengers, but with its sleek lines and bow-loading garages for easy landings in beaches and cays, it caters to the best of cruise ships and motor yachts. Explorer Cruise Lines is usually awarded with small, hardy craft that ply the New England coast. Chesapeake Bay and California delta. But Explorer Starship does something no other Caribbean cruise ship does: it sails eight days to such remote spots as Saba, leaving high and green like a rampant Alp, and out to historic Nova. The newest Explorer, a tall speedster in Baffers' hands, Passage, is usually awarded to the Caribbean in October.

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Man At His Best

CRANAPPLE KNOCKER

Simplicity itself. Combine two quarts of cranberry juice, two quarts of fresh apple cider, and one quart of vodka. Float paper-thin slices of ham on top.

FISH HOUSE PUNCH

Combine three quarts of water and one-half pound of sugar in a punch bowl, stir until the sugar dissolves. Add one quart of lemon juice, two quarts of light rum, one quart of Cognac, and four ounces of peach brandy.

SHAKESPEARE'S BOWL

Mix two quarts of gin, twelve ounces of Cranberry, six ounces of lemon juice, and three heaping teaspoons of superfine sugar. Stir well to dissolve the sugar. Add four quarts of crushed ice. Float paper-thin slices of lemon on top.

You can serve punch from just about anything so long as it's plastic. But a glass punch bowl is best. Avoid those little punch cups with handles too small for

your fingers, however; go in instead with no-nonsense old-fashioned glasses. If punch becomes a way of life, you can cruise antique shops for something special, in the meantime, a restaurant-supply house will give you punch capability for a modest investment.

A punch's possibility depends on its being kept well chilled. Make sure all ingredients are cold, and wait until the last minute before the party starts to combine them. Ice cubes will melt too rapidly and dilute the punch, so fill a couple for merriment of reg. make with water and freeze them solid the day before your party. If you want to get fancy, fill the molds only halfway, freeze and add fresh fruit (a straw hat, lime slices, whatever), then fill with ice water, and freeze until solid.

You may think, after tasting, that your punch could stand a little more punch. Think again. People tend to drink a good punch home less than regular cocktails, so light makes right.

—Allen Waggoner



few ingredients, the quality of each should be as fine as possible. You'll need about two quarts of a good, preferably home-made, stock—chicken, beef, veal, or a combination of whole and poultry. This can be prepared and frozen in advance to save time. If it's a choice between no onion and no meat broth, choose the former. The other major ingredient is chicken, and the best choice here is a light, golden wedge of authentic Parmigiano Reggiano, nicely aged and with a faint, salty flavor. Buy a four-ounce piece fresh from the whole wheel and grate it just before using.

Heat the broth over low heat to a gentle, steady simmer. Meanwhile, melt four tablespoons of unsalted butter and one tablespoon of olive oil in a large, sturdy saucepan over medium heat. Reduce the heat to low, stir in one-quarter cup of finely sliced onion and taste it of the onion is slightly soft and translucent but can't be overdone. Increase the heat to medium, add the rice and stir until the grains are well coated and sparkling like tiny crystals, about one to two minutes.

Gradually pour in one-half cup of the warming broth and stir constantly until the bowl is completely saturated. At this point the rice will begin to show away slightly from the sides of the pan as you stir. Add another half cup of broth and repeat, stirring and tossing the rice briefly, especially at the bottom and rim of the pan, where the grains tend to stick. Continue this procedure, slowly replacing the rice with more broth

as it turns dry all the while stirring constantly and thoroughly. You'll soon fall into the calm rhythm of this pour-and-stir technique, a rhythm similar to the steady, sure pace of rowing, with the same controlled fluidity of movement.

After about twenty-five or thirty minutes, all the broth will be used up and the mixture glistens with a light golden cast of buttered cream, since that lovely binds the grains. Taste the rice; it should be deliciously tender but still firm to the bite. Stir in three-quarters of a cup of the grated cheese, one tablespoon unsalted butter, and salt and freshly ground pepper to taste. Stir lightly until well combined. Spoon into a serving platter and sprinkle with the remaining cheese about one-quarter cup. Serve immediately.

As it takes a bit of doing to learn the traditional knack, you might want to try your first batch on some powerful Sunday afternoon with only a few friends and the dog around as spectators. Next time you can invite friends over for that long-postponed dinner party and present it with a Chianti Classico followed by a simple entrée like a good roast chicken stuffed with herbs. This is, after all, one of those high-performance dishes that has to be made just before serving, so it's probably a good idea to put in some practice for the big event when you sell your guests to abandon the dips and "come into the kitchen while I whip up my Risotto alla Parmigiana."

This is a better play than eating them so much you stir the rice using the rice with more broth.

—Elizabeth Salsbery

THE SEASONED COOK

Going with the Grain

Compared with the other great rice dishes of the world, the north Indian specialty, *Risotto alla Parmigiana*, is a dry affair. It offers none of the heat and vigor of a Chinese string-rib soup, no complex layers of flavor as in the long, earthy Indian banyans and Middle Eastern pilafs, not a speck of the childhood nostalgia that informs the best bowl of rice pudding. Instead, what you get from the country that invented both pizza with anchovies and the *Muscatini* is a dish that gloriously exceeds the sum of its parts. A platter of risotto with a rich, velvety sauce of white wine, butter, and a bit of cheese—sautéed, cubed and spiced to perfection—served in a subtly sweet, creamy cooking technique that overcomes everything any-

one else in the world has ever done with rice. The Italian cuisine creation starts all kinds of "wines" of rice enveloped in a buttery emulsion, that results from heating the rice mixture in hot oil and then allowing it to dry gradually. Although cooked with tender, earthy lentils, the rice remains distinct, with a delicate, nutty bite to the center—at least, as in pasta.

Of course, this traditional two-course recipe, a particular style of rice, Italian style, grown in the lush soil of the Po Valley. These chubby, pearl-shaped grains absorb large quantities of broth percolity, yet hold their shape and remain slightly resilient during the slow, steady cooking time. Before it is usually added to the pot in white cloth socks, use the entire amount (about two and one-quarter cups) for a truly fine course for six people.

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AMERICAN REACT

by Bob Greene

M.R. PRESIDENT

The boy who dares to tread where no man has gone before

"WE'RE GOING to have spaghetti tonight," said Thomas Lucas on his seven-month birthday. "My mom makes excellent spaghetti. Especially the sauce. She uses sausage, chicken, mushrooms, pepper—I've only made spaghetti sauce once, but it can't come close to Mom's."

Thomas Lucas was sitting in the wood-paneled living room of his family's home in Salt Rock, West Virginia. He is a big, handsome kid—the first eleven, 130 pounds—and on top of the television set in the living room was a photograph of him as he had—mid-eighties, Baltimore, High School Football uniform. Last year Thomas was a starting defensive tackle on the team.

But things have changed for Thomas Lucas since last summer. He is no longer the same—and, at least a minor way, the loss of American high school students will never be the same, either.

Because Thomas Lucas was an elective last summer. And he is now the first male to be the national president of Future Homemakers of America.

THOMAS LUCAS'S family lives in the West Virginia hillbilly town in Chuck Yeager country, where the men are supposed to be tough, brave, rugged and all of the other adjectives that have always ended up in a definition of manhood. And it is all the more surprising that the first male president of Future Homemakers of America should come from here.

"In junior high school," Thomas said, "the boys are all required to take home economics as well as algebra, and the girls are all required to take shop as well as home economics. In high school you don't have to do that, but when I was a freshman I decided that I'd better take home economics. And when the teacher announced that there would be a Future Homemakers of America meeting, I went to it."

"I didn't do it for any particular reason. I



just did it to meet some kids. I was the only boy there. But it turned out that I liked it."

Approximately 11 percent of the 325,000 members of Future Homemakers of America nationwide are males. But until very recently, it was unthinkable for a boy to become president of the forty-one-year-old organization.

"A lot of people define homemaking as just sewing and cooking," Thomas said. But any definition of a homemaker in someone who contributes to the well-being of the family. That should be a male as well as a female. Not have to understand, there was never a time when I thought that men and women weren't equal. I was born in 1969, and that was at the beginning of the women's movement."

As might be expected, Thomas has taken some teasing from his schoolmates about his whole thing. "Boys, there have been some rumors," he said. "The rumors were like he'd high school girls in the same that it has always been. You know, I'm tough. Al-

ways getting in fights to prove their masculinity. All this beautifulness about the women's, and getting down other people. They're so locked into that image that they can't associate outside that."

"People couldn't understand that I was a football player and that I was also in FHA. But football and FHA are not two different things that I did. I'm not playing football this year, because of my FHA duties. That's stay with me."

"You hear so much about football being a character builder. If you ask me, football considers sensitivity heretics people. I know that it's supposed to develop sportsmanship and develop physical well-being and make you feel good about yourself. But if football was for me was going out there and knocking heads with someone every day. Future Homemakers of America is a hundred times more of a character builder than football, and Future Homemakers of America has offered me a hundred times more good things than football ever could."

Thomas is a son of the modern heroes by young people. Rambo for the boys, Yoda White for the girls. "Look, I saw Rambo three times," he said. "I liked the story of it. It was an exciting movie, and very suspenseful. But it's boring. What I'm doing is real."

THOMAS'S STEPFATHER, Larry Brown, came into the living room. Brown is forty-one years old and a dealer account manager with Ford Motor Credit Company. He is a fairly bearded man and he is known to his son talking about Future Homemakers of America.

"When I was in high school, something like this would never be done," Brown said. "The boys just didn't take home economics. My conception, when I was growing up, was that the wife was the homemaker and the husband was the provider. And there are still a lot of men who would rather have

THOMAS IS NO SISST, HIS MOTHER SAID, "AND I THINK HIS BEING ELECTED NATIONAL PRESIDENT PROVES THAT IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU'RE FROM A HOLLOW IN WEST VIRGINIA. YOUR MIND CAN GO ANYWHERE."

there can be the football captain than the president of PHA.

But I'm very proud of Thomas and the move. I learn about what he's doing, the more proud I am. Finally, if anything, we felt at first that he was a little too dedicated to it. We saw Future Horsemen becoming his whole life. But what can we say? He set his sights on becoming national president, and now he's there.

"On this day and age, I think it's wrong to want to bring your son up to be macho. I think that what Thomas was just saying about the macho image you get from movies is right. Basically, the macho image is against. The macho guys you see on the news seem to be playing with about half a clock operators.

"What Thomas is doing represents a change for everybody. With more and more women in the work force, men are going to have to adapt, and accept learning skills around the house. They're not going to boss any choice."

Thomas cut in. "The real prejudice against what I'm doing doesn't come from both my own age," he said. "Oh, there's some of that, but I can handle it. But the bad stereotype comes from adults. Not to put down you adults or anything, but teenagers are a little more liberal in their thinking than adults.

Like at the national convention in Dallas where I was elected, I had my delegate name tag on, and there was five women in the hall of the hotel who was just saying there in a guest—she wasn't a part of the PHA convention. And she looked at me and she looked at my tag, and she said, 'Oh, you're a horseman, are you?' She kind of sneered. I knew she was making fun."

Thomas's mother, Sue Brown, thirty-eight, walked into the living room for a moment from the kitchen, where she had been preparing dinner.

"I've never believed that a woman should have all the housework's duties," she said. "Oh, women do help with the social aspects of the family group. They send out the greeting cards and buy the presents for Christmas and call people to invite them to things. On things like that, men have to be sort of dragged along. It shouldn't be that way, is it?"

"But Thomas—Thomas has done housework chores since he was small."

"I know the lady," Thomas said. "I take out the garbage. I dust the house. I do the cooking. Mom still does most of the cooking."

"You can be a man and still be like Thomas," his mother said. "Thomas is so busy. I don't think he's going to be a househusband and just stay home when he gets older. But

he's been taught to do his share. And I think his being elected national president proves that it doesn't matter if you're from a hollow in West Virginia. Your mind can go anywhere."

THERE WAS A knock at the front door, and Thomas's mother went to answer it. In a few moments a lady young man walked into the living room. He was friendly, Thompson, a high school buddy of Thomas's, and he had been invited to come over for the birthday dinner.

"Thomas was always a go-getter," Anthony said. "I think it's great that he made it to president."

It didn't seem to occur to Anthony that there was anything particularly unusual about the fact that the group that Thomas had "made it to president" of was the Future Horsemen of America. He seemed simply to admire the accomplished.

"In junior high school, Thomas and I both ran for student body president, and I won," Anthony said. "But now Thomas has established himself as a far more prestigious position than president of Fall Rock Junior High School."

Anthony said that he had no desire to join PHA. "I guess that I just don't have the interest that Thomas has," he said. "I'm not saying that I think it was a weird thing for him to do. There are a lot of people who would think it would be a bizarre move, but I don't think so. I'm sure that there will be some dealing going on at school this year now that he's national president, and that some people will stereotype him. But he can handle it. Thomas is cool."

"People are just brought up in different ways. Take my grandparents. My grandmother was an eye glassmaker and had a lot. He wouldn't be able to even without her. I think all Thomas is saying is that it's about time for boys to learn stuff that has always been thought of as women's stuff."

Anthony said that although he respects what Thomas is doing, he has other goals for himself. "I want to join the Navy," he said.

THOMAS SAID that he had some specific ones in which he wanted to concentrate as national president of PHA. "I want to help develop and expand drug abuse programs, programs about drinking and driving, programs about teen pregnancies. When people hear about Future Horsemen of America, they tend to think in terms of the cooking and sewing, and think that's it. But cooking and sewing is really only a small part of PHA. These things are necessary, because everyone should know how to keep their own house going. PHA is really a lot

more than that, though."

"I hope to get married and have two or three kids. That's one of the nice things about being one of the few boys in PHA—you really get to meet a lot of girls."

THOMAS'S MOTHER had gone back into the kitchen, and now she returned to the living room.

"If everyone is ready, dinner is served," she said.

One more person had joined the group—Thomas's original home-ec teacher, who was also his PHA adviser. The group set down around the table.

"Mr. Future Horsemen, I see you're letting your mother do all the work setting the food on the table," Thomas's stepfather said.

Thomas blushed and shook his head. "Just kidding," his stepfather said.

A salad was the first course. Thomas's stepfather dropped some dressing on the table.

"Honey, watch," Thomas's mother said. The home-ec teacher said, "Thomas, should we tell the story about the Jell-O?"

Thomas didn't say anything.

"What story is that?" Thomas's mother said.

"The story about the time that Thomas learned the Jell-O," the home-ec teacher said. "Didn't Thomas ever tell you that story?"

"We don't hear about a lot of the things that Thomas does," his stepfather said, laughing.

"I learned the Jell-O once," Thomas said, at once.

Out in the living room the radio was still tuned on to a country station, and as it by some corny country jock, the song that happened to be playing was the old Johnny Cash number, "A Boy Named Sue." But, under the circumstances, it seemed terribly out of place and irrelevant—almost like something you would find in a time capsule. The spaghetti was served, and then Thomas's mother brought a cake to the table.

The group began to sing.

Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday, President (Cousin)
Happy birthday to you.

The cake was out. "You drink coffee?" Thomas's mother said to Thomas's friend Anthony.

"No," Anthony said.

"I'm gonna sell you coffee," Thomas's mother said.

JOHN GREGORIAN is a contributing editor of *Esquire* magazine.

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ETHICS

by Verlyn Klünderborg

JEALOUSY WITH DIGNITY

How do you keep in check the beast that lurks within us all?

MY IDEA of hell is standing in a crowd of strangers while the one person I love—the woman I love—embraces an old boyfriend whose lusty has not entirely faded. When I arrive there I will find myself in one of two settings, places I know so well. The first is New Year's Eve in the Harvard Club. I am chatting idly with a casual acquaintance while a woman called Charlotte, my date, dances, laughing, with her ex. What makes this hell is the fact that I am too relaxed to cause a scene.

The second hellish setting is equally inflammatory. I am drinking at Pully's, still in its heyday, with the woman I eventually marry. She is having a serious talk with two ex-boyfriends. Toothless and the Insect. I have learned something from the Harvard Club: I keep a firm grip on this woman's belt long so she can get no more than an arm's length away. Toothless and the Insect keep asking her whether I am crazy. Not crazy, just jealous.

New jealousy is an addition scene in a house whose main event waxes a crowd control, say, an old-heavy with orders and hot with only test-reference. Icthrating his karyon brain of aching anger. But while a chemist ball falls back on his glands when authors threaten, a thoughtful jealous man must piece together a response composed of vocal restraint, nontoxic diffidence, and the need to vent his feelings in some brutal and wasteful gesture. Unwise love simply makes no provision for the rat.

The victim steel of child's standard war grandfathers knew souls well when you asked to drive the logs out of a rancid's park or send unkindnesses traveling up back to the coast. But I suspect that even an old-lamey man had difficulty sorting out the decorum of jealousy. The line between accusation and tolerance is always hard to walk. The proper response to jealousy is so often the least response to jealousy.

The problem is this. Jealousy dramatizes the question that Adam and Eve faced in the Garden. Is it better to know or not to know? If you ask your lover to pose your auspicious grandness and she can, it is like being frightened by a small dog with a deep voice barking on a dark night. First comes fear, and then, when the lack of threat is obvious, embarrassment. Neither is good for masculine dignity. If your suspicions are not groundless, well then it was a big dog after all, easy to bite you on the ass.

That is not the only kind of dead-end thinking that jealousy inspires. How does a possessive man's mind work when his lover is late? First he indulges his own superiority or grumpiness. Then he wonders if there has been an accident. He begins to think he may have been stood up. What if she has slipped into an old boyfriend at work? They could be on the sack right now! Hell, an accident would be better than that! He will take a particular man to talk him down from that kind of logical precipice. Most of



the time, thankfully, the jealous mind is a timid vagabond. It wants to work private justice on the cause of its anguish, so it settles for punishing itself.

To anyone who has ever fallen prey to jealous fantasies, it is obvious that jealousy, like rage, is a form of madness. But what does it accuse? Well, academics have done the spadework on this issue. They interpret the fact that (frequently portrayed as a medieval art) between Venus, goddess of sensu love, and Mars, god of war, is an allegory of the link between conspicuous and masculine passions. Lust and anger, then, sleep side by side.

If jealousy spills over into anger, then the language of jealousy needs to be reimagined. Take this familiar word-of-mouth play: (1) "Maybe if I made her jealous, she'd come back to me." Or the text of love: (2) "If you really cared for me, you'd be more jealous." Or selfish snicker: (3) "Look, I'm gonna warn you right now. You the jealous type." Or half-drunk self-affirmation: (4) "Some women play around online, boy, I'll put a stop to it people." Translated in order, these statements boil down to: (2) "Gonna hurt a little less and hope it don't become a joke." (3) "Learn to love me." (4) "I'm proud to be a bastard." (4) "God, what if someone loved me like you second mother guy?"

All kinds of self-delusions spring from the need to believe that an emotion as strong as jealousy must be good for something. At least, I have sometimes reasoned, my jealousy gets a point across. But jealousy is not a form of communication: any man that contemplates is a form of emptiness. Not in a kind of action, except in the most Walter Mitty-ish way. It should not be a conduit of love at all, for channeling jealousy at him running a refrigerator on lightning bolts. And though as late as the eighteenth-century novel might be jealous of a woman's beauty because it belittled, in a logically real sense, to him,

VANTAGE



SMART MONEY

The Investor Trading on Foreign Soil



IN THE 1990S, INVESTORS HAVE GROWN MORE INTERESTED IN FOREIGN STOCKS AND BONDS.

Who, for that matter, could have guessed that savants would be good for markets? The case of international stock pickers John Templeton, used to scour the earth during the 1960s in search of countries where mispriced securities were sure to be kept at bay. But anyone with the foresight to have created a reliably international portfolio ever the last two years would have made a killing. The Latin stock market fully doubled under a socialist government. The French market is up by half, and the performances of the Spanish, New Zealand, and Australian markets under democratic socialist regimes have been nothing less than stellar. The French stock market actually went down when the conservative Jacques Chirac became prime minister.

On the other end of the global spectrum, ardent investors in the Asian Fund, a closed-end mutual fund loaded like a stock on the stock exchange, have more than tripled their investment since the fund went public in 1994. Most investors at the "country specialty fund" seem to believe that Korea is the next Japan, but those who believe that the future lies in Russia and Japan are sleeping at other mutual funds: choose from a Germany Fund, a France Fund, a Japan Fund, a Mexico Fund (a real dud, by the way), or from more recently oriented portfolios such as the Scandinavia Fund or the Pacific Rim Fund.

Of course, the most direct way to invest abroad is to buy a stock outright on a foreign exchange, but because of high commissions, varied legal restrictions, and tax impediments, most company investors interested in a specific issue can buy the stock's ADR on an American exchange. An ADR (American Depositary Receipt) represents three or four shares of the foreign stock. The Philippines Long Distance Telephone went up more than seven dollars since, and they hit fifteen dollars each not long after that. Like a diamond, it didn't stay. Who could have guessed that revolution would be good for a stock market?

Back in early 1994, two sharp investors I know—one an investment banker, the other a business writer—decided to go global. When my friends moved heavily into shares of the Transatlantic Fund, one of the specialty funds dedicated to buying shares of companies based outside the American market, neither of us was the wisest investor. Capital markets should not disappear for the U.S. market for five years straight. Only five months after the investment, the option held by Transatlantic in Japan, Hong Kong, France, England, and the like ended appreciated by 7 percent. But nonetheless, over the same five-year period, the price of Transatlantic Fund shares actually plummeted by 26 percent, a discouraging phenomenon that I recall as having represented a bit of a fall between the bankers and the writers score card.

It seems that everybody wants to capture a bit of capital these days, and the way a particular stock that goes against can represent an investment that goes down in value is an arena that anyone joining the rush ought to consider. The investment of money in international mutual funds rose from \$1 billion in early 1989 to \$6 billion at end 1995, which is no surprise if you consider that between the middle of '93 and the middle of '95 the twenty-seven international funds returned an average of 66 percent. None and no amount of 1996, the amount of traditionally purchased per-personified money averaged abroad jumped from \$27 billion to \$40 billion. The most conservative students of successful financial development can believe that 5-20 percent of any equity portfolio ought to be invested abroad.

One of the reasons the international markets have done so well by themselves recently explains why you got so badly burned. One thing you have to understand before playing the horses and better in that you keep score in dollars. Let's say a dollar is worth one point sterling when you buy one hundred shares of some that at a given price. The stock goes down a change, but the value of the dollar rises and the international currency changes. Now a dollar will buy you two pounds instead of one. Conversely, this means that a pound is now worth fifty cents U.S. instead of the dollar it was worth when you bought the stock. You turned one hundred dollars into one hundred pounds to buy the stock, but when you convert the value of your one hundred shares, you don't have a penny—you have only fifty bucks left. If you don't understand this, know that you're in good company, but know, too, that you ought to keep your money green.

A strong dollar is what caused my early bad friends such angst in 1994. Though stock prices abroad went up, the value of the dollar against the currencies where Transatlantic's stocks were purchased went up much more, thus sending the dollar value of the fund rather dramatically in the other direction.

Now for the good part: If the dollar goes down after you invest

abroad, you make money on your dollar-based account. And if the dollar goes down while foreign stock prices go up, you really make money. So if you wish my friends in Transatlantic and everyone else who sent dollars abroad since the past two years, then there have given up more than 100 percent since early 1995, and somewhere between 20 and 30 percent of the rise was due to the currency markets.

Aside from the relevant domestic exposure to stock prices and currency value changes, investing in foreign markets becomes even more strategically significant as a political play. For instance, the day after Ferdinand Marcos finally fled the Philippines, I reported that shares of the Philippine phone company were being traded manually. The price hovered around the equivalent of two U.S. dollars per share. Within a week of Corason Aquino's takeover, shares of Philippine Long Distance Telephone went up more than seven dollars apiece, and they hit fifteen dollars each not long after that. Like a diamond, it didn't stay. Who could have guessed that revolution would be good for a stock market?

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BusinessTravel Phoning at 40,000 Feet



If you're one of those people who schedule trips to get away from the telephone, you won't remember the 1980s as the Golden Age of Travel. These days the trick isn't finding phones on the road, it's avoiding them. There are all sorts of exotic new places and ways to make a phone call, the most valuable and glamorous being the Airfone radio telephones now found on fifteen major airlines' planes. For \$7.50 for three minutes, or \$1.25 per minute after that, you can dial direct anywhere in the continental United States; double those rates for special long-distance international calls.

Airfones are automated and accept all major credit cards. Right now, their availability is limited to four in a plane, mostly two in the front and two in the back—but more questions about bandwidth and technology are straightforward out. Airfone expects to install SeaTones, which, as you may guess, are phones located at sea. Phones may eventually contain a SeaTone for every passenger, built into either seats or the overheads of main trays. Unlike the cordless Airfones, they will be hardwired, so

they can probably be used reliably to transmit computer data via modem. Airfones are too temperamental for modern use, and they can't accept incoming calls, either; SeaTones probably will.

Airfone also supplies Airtrak with onboard telephones called "cycs," you get it again—SeaTones, although only on the New York-Washington Metro-line. Airtrak says it may install them next in its Los Angeles-San Diego route, or possibly the New York-Albany run—but budget-starved and bureaucratic Airtrak, it could easily be years before either route gets phones. By the way, if you're on the SeaTone and the train goes to a tunnel, you're no longer on the SeaTone.

As for the car-centric SeaTone, they have fallen in love with portable cellular phones, which are more convenient to provide than built-ins. Budget has the largest number of portable car phones; the cheapest gets three dollars a day per phone rental, with local calls billed at a flat rate of ninety-five cents per minute. That's about standard. The customer can call and receive calls from anywhere in the

world (with a long-distance surcharge for calls placed), as long as the phone itself is within a cellular calling area.

But the fact that you're not making a car trip doesn't mean you have to forsake the pleasure of being spotted in traffic with a phone at your ear—and in Houston, anyway. That city was the first to offer cellular pay phones in its townships. The flat rate is a dollar a minute, payable to the calls with the fare plus their environment, the two phones have little meters attached, the dialing range is six hundred square miles, which covers the city's local dialing area.

Yellow Cab of Houston says it will add phones in its Austin subsidiary next, and then in Colorado Springs, if there's a push to be made, there should be pay phones in every big city in the country. As usual in tales of technology, the most tantalizing development is the one least likely to happen yet. AT&T confirms that it is experimenting with a new credit card, dubbed the Card, for use at specially equipped public payphones. The card is said to have built-in microchip that remembers and speeds up as many as fifty separate numbers, can store medical records, are programmed with an electronic datebook and reminder pad, and can even split call billing among up to eight different accounts. It's a business traveler's dream, and if it proves successful, you can bet you'll be able to use it on airliner phones too.

Of course, speed-dialing has its drawbacks. It's over so quickly, and it's so quiet—No, if someone would come up with a credit card that would respond when you pull it out in public, please do, and yield. "Get me Hong Kong!" —Glen Elder

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made young profits portfolio by virtue of the ADRs being added to our exchange now that Daimler-Benz, Volkswagen-Hershey, Louis Vuitton, Bette Midler, and many others are traded like U.S. stocks. But until you're willing to consider the efficacy of a 10-year plan in Lower Saxony on your Deutsche Bank shares or ponder the wisdom of President Clinton's pledge to hold elections before the 1998 Olympics via a vote your Korea Fund holdings, the safest way to get into the world markets is still through the broad-based low- or low-load mutual funds like Transatlantic, T. Rowe Price, and Fidelity A "global" fund is one that includes American stocks while an "international" fund ignores American equities. Fidelity Overseas Fund was up 78 percent in 1989, and (to date) up another 65 percent in 1989. Fund manager George Noble tells me it would be unrealistic to expect such returns to go on, but he's bullish on the dollar and continues to use international markets as sources of returns superior to those of the U.S.

If you agree that trade and budget deficits will continue to depress the value of the dollar but are leery of the state of the international equity markets, you may prefer funds called Transatlantic, Overseas Fund, or Fidelity International. California, have come up with an international money-market fund that holds assets denominated in foreign currencies. The yield is about the same as a domestic money fund, but the share values will rise and fall with the dollar.

This trend will remain subsidiary to domestic investment for quite a while. Most of all the capital represented on the Dutch stock market doesn't approach a few days' car sales by GM, the entire German market isn't as big as the combined revenues of Exxon and GM—and putting some capital into shares beyond our shores is clearly a potentially lucrative and sophisticated way of participating in the interdependent world of national economies. You don't have to go to your death.

—Donald R. Goss

SMART MONEY

Now talking about New York, picks it if the quintessential pied-a-terre town a place to keep a foot on the ground, without extending roots too deeply. For many transients, the Big

Real Estate A Nice Place to Visit

Apple is a frequent and conspicuous stop in the contemporary transient. As the company's supplies so many trade-line necessities for getting away.
—Lawrence J. Gallagher



WEST VILLAGE



EAST SIDE



WEST VILLAGE

When architect Richard Stein designed this pied-a-terre for a New Jersey advertising consultant, he was striving for something "inviting and elegant." Sounds a bit abstract, but for a former executive in the line of Grapes and Shivers, attractiveness is nothing new. The space was to be used as both a sleeping and an office, so Stein had to create a design that would not be specifically identified with either. The kitchen moved across the room and concealed a mid-bench cabinet. The black granite of the dining/entertainment table works in either situation. The long above the table means those faced in the double windows of the apartment doors, a floor-to-ceiling curtain divides the living area from the rest of the space. The apartment was completed in mid-1985, at a cost of \$73,000, including furniture and architectural fees.

BY LARRY KATZ

One naturally expects a pied-a-terre to be cozier (and smaller) than an estate house, but the real estate developer who owns the East Side apartment thought the electrochromic factor was a bit too high. Architect Rube Wulfsberg's solution was to tear down the wall separating the bedroom from the living room, taking advantage of the space offered by the high, beamed ceiling, and turn the one-bedroom apartment into a studio. The wall was replaced with a partition that provides a backdrop for the double bed while quietly dividing the main living space. The room is finished on one side by a wall of cabinets, and on the other by a bank of Gothic windows. For his \$30,000 investment, the owner also got a rooftop ceiling in the foyer, a new bathroom, and new appliances for the redesigned kitchen. The apartment actually cost \$70,000.

BY LARRY KATZ

The owner of this pied-a-terre divides his time between houses in Long Island and Florida, and his career between international finance and art collecting. He needed a temporary home for himself and a permanent home for his Belongs. The West Village flat, designed by Michael Rubin, gives him both. Brown oak is used for all the exposed woodwork in the two-bedroom apartment. The wall separating the kitchen and living areas was torn down and replaced with a table made of red Alder's wood, the material from which the bar stools and the kitchen counter were also constructed. Cove lighting was installed in the ceiling beams, several of which were fabricated to resemble the openness of the room. Matching oak and white steel glass partitions separate the kitchen and from the living room. With the \$250,000 renovation, the apartment is valued at \$415,000.

BY LARRY KATZ

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Insurance A Policy for Your Pollock



If you own a Matisse or a Rembrandt sculpture, the likelihood is that your work has been professionally appraised. The appraisal has been kept current and the object is properly insured—as scheduled property under a fine-arts policy. But when it comes to less lofty valuables, many of us take it for granted that our basic homeowners policy offers sufficient protection. This is not necessarily the case.

All homeowners policies offer a certain amount of protection for losses or damage to personal property. This automatically includes everything from a 100-year-old lamp-room loach to arguable Audubon drawings up to the limits of your overall coverage. The one exception is coverage for items made of silver, gold and pottery, which is usually limited to some dollar figure between \$1,000 and \$10,000 per claim, depending on which company writes your policy.

But there are several important disadvantages to insuring in this manner. One particularly valuable art object could easily take up most of your coverage. Moreover, traditional policies more personal property for its actual cash value—that is, current replacement cost minus depreciation. While it can be argued that fine art does not depreciate, you have yourself seen in so-called masterpieces in case of a loss.

Muse and more pictures are new and with replacement cost

endorsements that provide for payment based on what a new object would cost at current prices. But most such policies have exclusions, one of which states that replacement cost does not apply to fine-arts objects. (At least two companies, Chubb and Atlantic Mutual, do cover fine art for its replacement cost if you have their most comprehensive policy.)

Another drawback is that standard personal-property coverage does not include accidental damage to your belongings. Should your chippendale dining room chair shatter from the stress of an overnight dinner guest or your housekeeper spill laundry bleach on your an-

tique bookcase, you are out of luck in the insurance compensation game. Your basic coverage can be improved with what is known as an all-risk policy. Among other things, this extends protection to oddball accidents such as the above. But heritage of fragile valuables such as crystal, porcelain, and so on, is still excluded, even under an all-risk policy.

If you have one or more particularly prized art or unique possessions, or the value of your collection begins to approach five figures, you are probably best off insuring each object with a personal-artists floater. Usually sold only as an endorsement to your basic homeowners

policy, a floater allows you to "schedule" (that is, describe) individual items according to specific descriptions and values with no deductibles.

An insurance coverage gap, a fine-arts floater is relatively inexpensive. Depending on where you live and the construction of your home (it costs more to insure an object housed in a wood-frame versus a brick home), expect to pay annual rates of between twelve and thirty-five cents per one hundred dollars of coverage. Some companies stagger their rates—the first \$50,000 of insurance will cost you one rate, then there will be a price break. Extra protection for heritage of porcelain, marble, et cetera, usually costs an extra \$1.50 per \$1,000 of coverage. And unlike most jewelry and fur floaters, fine-arts floaters are usually "valued contracts." They establish the exact amount you will receive for a total loss, not just the insurance company's maximum liability.

If you have a fine-arts floater or are considering obtaining one, a professional appraisal is vital. For help in finding an appraiser, you can contact the American Society of Appraisers (P.O. Box 17255, Washington, D.C. 20041, 202-638-3630). The society brings upon you are related to the value of a property. A flatter, based on hourly or daily rate, including any research time, plus transportation, is the professional norm.

—Peter D. Lawrence



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JET-SET SAFETY NETS

There's nothing worse than getting stuck in a financial bind in a foreign country. But because it happens so

often, credit-card companies are now offering all-rolled emergency aid for cardholders traveling to distant shores. MasterCard International has introduced a program, dubbed MasterCard, that provides emergency cash, medical transportation, message transmission, legal and bail bond assistance, as well as crisis intervention and information hot line. The service also helps travelers replace passports and tickets and provides pricing advice on travel documents and proper communication. American Express offers a similar program, called Global Assist, for all of its cardholders. AmEx's service includes a \$5,000 advance for hospital admissions or bail, as well as a twenty-four-hour hot line.

—Annette Conant

The Entrepreneur

A Labor of Wanderlust



In the U.S., the giants were Pan Am and Oldemark. With Pan Am, Certe traded future programs for the airplane tickets he needed to make them. Oldemark, seeking both inexpensive and exotic advertising, became GAO's first national sponsor. It covered the initial production costs and agreed to buy most of the commercial time. More recently,

horses playing football on the weekends—sit at breakfast the breakfast who built a 300-foot-high city of catwalks, rope bridges, and tree houses in the canopy of a Costa Rican jungle, a place less explored than the moon.

With its magazine format, each GEO program features four to six stories. The *Cumtux* has taken on concrete crews to

[illegible]

—*Low Smith Beach*



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The Bel Age's period furniture and old master paintings give the ambience of a French country manor. Casual is the feeling at Le Parc, a hotel designed as a business person's retreat.

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potential risk in the fall of the dollar. And the problems with that is that high interest rates can send stock markets into a tailspin and make it hard to finance houses and businesses.

I missed Felix Rohatyn, the New York investment banker, whenever he expected some kind of crisis.

"Oh, sure," he said. "but I thought it would be here before now. Cutting taxes in 1986 and spending more on defense without any increase in revenues was a trillion-dollar mistake. In addition to that trillion-dollar mistake, you have all the new institutions manufactured by Wall Street—junk bonds, securitized mortgages. We have an orgy of debt creation with no discipline at all. And sooner or later that comes to an end, painfully."

"The clock is ticking all right," said Sylvia Ostry, Canada's ambassador for multilateral trade negotiations. "I'm just afraid that the longer it goes on, the worse the hangover is going to be."

You can already see some of the symptoms. In Tokyo, for example, the line rising from the airport into town costs one hundred dollars and a cup of coffee at a major hotel can cost seven dollars. With that sort of dollars burning over Japan, speculation weakens. The Japanese stock market, which at its peak earnings—though there's been the price earnings of the U.S. markets—and yields one half of 1 percent. Somebody recently figured that a city block in Tokyo—the loop—sold for about \$1.2 billion.

"What we could have done during the past few years," said Rohatyn, "was to put a tap on gasoline at the pump. With lower oil prices, nobody would have noticed. Then we could have bought less oil—good for trade balances—and if the tax to lower the deficit. With inflation lower, we could have gotten off these entitlements, like social security, and a tax, and no one would have been hurt. We would have been on the way back. But politically, these things are so entangled."

A world economic conference can always point up the rational way to do things. In Japan, everything with dollars? Let the Japanese hold the dollars in the Third World which needs propelling away it, can't they think more? Let Japan spend more money on roads and housing. Let the German economy expand a bit more. Let the Japanese, disciplined Americans finally curb their spending and let them save up so they can stop borrowing so much from the rest of the

What will force the U.S. back toward a surplus? The crisis scenario envisioned by some is a run on the dollar. Foreigners with dollars won't want any more. Every day the dollar will sink until it seems to be in a free fall.

world, really, they are like teenagers with a new credit card. And by the way, let them also learn to be more productive, improve their level of education—maybe they should start to work on Saturdays like the Japanese. Now, what's for lunch, and when is the next conference?

The thinking does not touch the currencies back in the legislative capitals, but national habits are very hard to change.

The conferees say their goodbyes, get on their planes—and you're back in the U.S. Forded games are almost TV, and if there was a trillion-dollar mistake, the bill will have been presented, and nobody is thinking Ronald Reagan, who looks terrific. Maybe some other time. That would be the last stroke of luck—if that bill was presented after 1986.

IN MY JULY UNCONVENTIONAL WISDOM, I discussed the cost of maintaining a society where handguns are almost as common as videotape recorders.

We spend half a billion dollars a year just modestly treating the people who live here that by handguns and every day, on the average, one child under fourteen is killed with a handgun. In fact, I write that every child in a household has such other

with handguns (found around the house usually) than adults in Stockholm, Sweden. There are five or six deaths by handgun a year in Stockholm and when Prince Norum died Prince was assassinated, no one could recall a handgun murder on the city's streets. So it used Sweden as an example of a peaceful society, in contrast to our own.

A crime specialist in Sweden, named Robert Skole, now writes that I am under some delusion about the state of public safety in Sweden.

"Yesterday," he notes, "the top story was a teenage killed with his father's pistol. Last week there was a story of a guy who evidently got tired of his wife of many years and shot her in the head. [How easy] so one could recall a previous street shooting in Stockholm but a guy was shot dead a few weeks before Prince's murder. I wouldn't would say that he was an immigrant, so that doesn't count. A month or so earlier, a guy was knocked off in a parking shooting. [But that involved drug dealers, so that doesn't count either.] Swedish police, after years of complaining, are finally being issued a much heavier service pistol that the old automatic they have carried. Swedish police say there are too many handguns around."

"Sweden has low murder statistics because a killing is considered murder only when there is premeditation or definite intent—otherwise the charge is manslaughter. The public debate right now is safety on the streets."

"By the way, they still have not found Prince's killer. If the killer were known to have been a sex convict, they would have arrested him a long ago."

I'm used to hear that even Sweden the level of violence is increasing, but it is a point that Sweden would compare themselves to no other countries, but to the way things used to be. It's a matter of degree. Stockholm may seem like a conflict-free society compared with the 1960s, but even if there are no announced deaths from drugs, the total deaths even be a drop in the bucket in Texas, and would be a very long way from the six thousand handgun deaths a year in the United States. So while Sweden may not be the perfect model that I sought, I see no need to change what I wrote then. In Sweden, your chances of walking around in a top old age without being struck by a bullet are extremely high."

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Setting new standards of performance.



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*All comparisons are in base price. With models 1987. Performance data presented is at time of printing. †Based on 1987. Lancer, Accord, and 6000 are 1987 models. See U.S. Government's Department of Transportation's National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's website for more information. ‡See U.S. Government's Department of Transportation's website for more information. †See U.S. Government's Department of Transportation's website for more information. ‡See U.S. Government's Department of Transportation's website for more information.

ESQUIRE SPECIAL

Esquire

MCMLXI-

MCMLXXXVI



It was in 1962 that Esquire first elevated the public screw-up to an exalted accomplishment. Over the past twenty-five years, a total of 5,358 Dubious Achievements have been awarded to a broad range of politicians, movie stars, athletes, scientists, and jogging pigs. We are pleased to announce that, with sixty-three awards, Richard Nixon has earned the mantle of

Dubious Man of the Quarter Century, beating out such worthy runners-up as Ronald Reagan, Frank Sinatra, Spiro Agnew, and Jerry Lewis. On this pantheon, and on the other repeat offenders who are pictured below, we hereby bestow the Dubious Lifetime Achievement Award. Here's a jeroboam of Chateau de San Clemente for each and every one of them.



Richard
Nixon

"So there's double
the end as
consequently
about. He's got
the most
beautiful
creatures. He can
sing."

Jimmy
Carter
"I've looked at a
lot of women
without. I've
considered
whether or not
I can stay
there."

Henry
Kissinger
"I thought that
is that the last
time I had
any kind of
physical
relationship for me
in my life. I hope
he's not off
yet."

Donald
Trump
"The little
things really
really, really
really, really."

Jimmy
Carter
"The little
things really
really, really
really, really."

Frank
Sinatra
"I've got
the most
beautiful
creatures. He can
sing."

Ed
Davis
"The little
things really
really, really
really, really."

Dubious Achievements

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



NO, WE THOUGHT YOU'D GO FINE TO TEN

Under criticism for his lobbying tactics, Denver White House deputy chief of staff Michael Denver said: "I wonder what people thought I was going to do when I left the White House. Be a brown spongy?"

DR. DENVER, DR. DENVER, PLEASE REPORT TO PERDURY
Michael Denver was accused of "knowingly and willfully" lying while testifying before Congress about his lobbying business.



TITS (LEFT) AND ASS (RIGHT)
Attorney General Edwin Meese landed up a nine-month contract on pornography that produced a 1,900-page report and cost an estimated \$800,000.

GOOD NEWS FOR JEWISH AMERICAN PRINCESSES
Lolene Mossemor of Gladdis declared that the Libyan army is "capable of destroying America and her living conditions."



A PERMANENT SEAT AT BAR: SEEN THRU TO: Joeat Mennelo

WE HEAR KURT WALDBREIM'S AVAILABLE
Joeat Mennelo's son told an interviewer, "I would have preferred another father."



NO WONDER YOU DON'T TURN OUT TO BE AS FAMOUS, SUCCESSFUL, AND TALENTED AS YOUR BROTHER RON

On hearing that the Challenger exploded on the day he retired, Reagan was scheduled to give the State of the Union address. Michael Reagan told a Los Angeles TV audience: "That'll be a tough act for Dad to follow."



HOW IN DOUBT?

Twenty one high-ranking New York City government officials have left the Koch administration, four of those under investigation and four under indictment.

WHAT IN DOUBT?

Before a vote of the largest New York City scandal in the last century, Mayor Edward Koch said: "How could I know? How could anyone have known? No one knew. I mean... here you have an enormous scandal... and to me... know anything about it. So I say to myself, if everyone else didn't pick up on it... then why am I supposed to pick up on it myself?"



ON SOME POINT THERE'S

Republican presidential nominee in 1986, "I'm in dark dark house" he said.



NO WONDER YOU DON'T TURN OUT TO BE AS AGGRESSIVE, THOUGHTFUL, AND UNDERSTANDING AS YOUR BROTHER MIKE

Ronald Reagan's daughter said in *American Express* commercial, reported for Good Morning America, was named a contributing editor of *Playboy*, posed for the cover of *Vanity Fair*, had a part in the film *Red Dawn*, and danced in his underwear on Saturday Night Live.



BUT THERE WAS THAT ONE AFTERNOON, BETWEEN EDUCATION AND BLOOD, WHEN ONE MET THE MALL FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS

Three thousand pairs of shoes were found in Lincoln Mall's closet at Malabar Palace.



ANNALS OF THE YEAR
The USS Zumwalt

BUT ASIDE FROM ALL THAT, ARE MY DOGS KILLING ME?

While campaigning for her husband, Imelda Marcos said: "Beauty is love made real, and the spirit of love is God. And the state of beauty, love, and God is happiness. A transcendent state of beauty, love, and God is grace. Peace and love is a state of beauty, love, and God. Peace and happiness is a state of beauty, love, and God. One to an active state of happiness, and the other is a transcendent state. That's grace."



NOT TO MENTION TRYING TO KEEP PEACE, LOVE, AND HAPPINESS STRAIGHT

Imelda Marcos developed her extravagant spending habit, claiming that she was too busy to sleep because she was "thinking about electrical power, education, food, bridges and transportation."



YOUR FASHIONABLY LATE...

The Paldo boat slowed across New York Harbor four days too late to participate in Operation Sail.



YOUR TEENING MASSES...

Restoration experts now claim that an area near the base of the statue had as much as 100,000 young people gathered from the top of the statue.

of 1986!

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Thanks, But We'll Take Death



BRING ME YOUR TIE, YOUR ADDRESSES, YOUR IMPRESSIONS...

While rejecting the Statue of Liberty's torch, President Reagan refused to post Enola Laramie—who wrote the original dedication for the statue—on the Statue Island Ferry.



...YOUR CHINESE WITS...

During a dinner cruise in New York Harbor, Bob Hope told a joke about the Statue of Liberty having AIDS. Stud Hope: "Nobody knows if he got it from the mouth of the Hudson or the Statue Island Ferry."



...YOUR MEDAL OF FREEDOM WINNERS...

In order to get a better view of the statue during the opening ceremonies, Frank Sinatra snatched open the side of the VIP tent with a pocket knife.



...YOUR WATCHED EXCESS

ABC cancelled its previous hours of coverage of Liberty Weekend with an entertainment extravaganza featuring, among others, 150 drag queens, 300 jukebox ladies, and 300 Elvis impersonators. Sex magazine producer David Walker, "It's plus and plier, but it's good girls and plier."



QUESTION OF THE YEAR

Don Barker was snatched on Park Avenue by two well-dressed men who repeatedly asked him, "Reminds, what is the frequency?"



AND WHERE THE STRENGTH TO YOUR SATISFACTION, HEN GENERAL?

Retired General William C. Westmoreland contended that the male girl running down the road in the famous Vietnam photo had not been captured, but had in fact been burned by a blitzer.



STEP 1. TAKE A BATH, THEN PICK OUT A CLEAN WHITE SHIRT



STEP 1. TAKE A BATH, THEN PICK OUT A CLEAN WHITE SHIRT

THAT'S RIGHT, MR. PRESIDENT, WE'VE GOT TO BE READY FOR THOSE PESKY MUSLIMS

In his book *The Triumph of Fools*, David Stockman revealed that Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger explained the military budget to President Reagan by showing him a cartoon of three soldiers in various stages of preparedness.

LINE HIM UP NOW, YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT HE ASKS THE TOUGH QUESTIONS

During a trip to Jordan, Vice President Bush asked Lieutenant General Benjamin M. Mendenhall, "How dead is the Dead Sea?"



IS THE DEAD SEA DEAD?

Asked whether his new interest in the drug problem meant that he was taking the same advice from Nixon, President Reagan said, "Do I look like an idiot?"

SHOOT AN LINE LOOK I DRY?

To a statement of denying the gay rights bill, President Reagan candidly wrote his name "Ronald Reagan."



Richard Nixon's Top-Secret Plan for Political Rehabilitation



STEP 1. TAKE A BATH, THEN PICK OUT A CLEAN WHITE SHIRT



THE MEDIA



TUNE IN NEXT WHEN GERALDO WILL COME TO YOU LIVE FROM THE JERSEY DUMPSITE ALLEGED TO CONTAIN THE REMAINS OF JIMMY HOFFA

Overlooking a line two-hour secret unforgotten vanilla. Geraldo Rivera finds a subatomic gun, deconstructed a dramatic change, and sang "Chicago." The attack unearthed only an old radio bottle.

YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, MR.

The New York Times has begun using the honorific "Mr." just an editor's note: "Until now, 'Mr.' had not been used because of the belief that a lead not pulled authoritatively into the language to be accepted as common usage." The Times now believes that "Mr." has become a part of the language.



WHENAS A SIMPLE CANE WOULD HAVE SUFFICED

For one week, in September, Dan Rather signed off his nightly CBS news broadcasts with the word "George."

"COULDN'T PUT IT DOWN" — ISAAC BASHEVIS OFFICE

G. P. Putnam's Sons ran an ad in The New York Times for a new book by "James" Heller.

WHAT KIND OF MAN PROSPERS GET

An article in *GO* quoted P. Lee Baker saying, "On weekends I sometimes wear bullet shoes; they're light and droney." Baker had, in fact, said "Bally shoes."

ATTENTION, GERALDO RIVERA

The University of Maryland and that hundreds of boxes of the papers and memorabilia of Spiro Agnew remain unopened twelve years after they were donated.

THE COON JUMPED ME FROM BEHIND. I RIPPED HIM OPEN WITH MY BAYONET. THEN I THOUGHT OF LILA. HER LIPSTICK WAS THE COLOR OF HIS BLOOD. BUT I IGNORED...

Explaining his magazine's editing process, *Solitaire* of *Fortune* associate editor Jim Pease said, "Occasionally our correspondents will mention how much a guy misses his girlfriend, or something like that. We usually run out on that part. It just doesn't seem to fit."



THE TACKLEST WINE

UNCLE HESHAU IS NOT AMUSED

Jim Lehmeyer told an interviewer, "I probably have a more extreme reaction to being said that some people had to bring in *Avachvitz*."

KENNETH, WHAT IS THE FREQUENCY?

Procter (John Deery of the *Cosmo*) Kesh assaulted and battered Bruce Schoenfeld at the *Cosmo* First when the program asked him a question during his program's initial arts trial.



SOME PEOPLE JUST CAN'T TAKE CRITICISM

Sally Quinn described good friend and *Vanity Fair* editor The Brown from her husband Ben Bradlee's sixty-fifth birthday party after the magazine ran a review calling Quinn's book *Myself Only* "disastrous."

ENOUGH ALREADY!



WE DARE YOU TO STEAL THIS HEADLINE

In an article entitled "Deborah Anderson: *Newsday's* Sunday magazine can sustain hard lines, eight of which were really attacks to *Newsday's* 1983, 1984, and 1985 Business Achievement Awards. Said executive editor John Montarbo: "I think what we're talking about here is two groups of people who think the same way."



SCOOP OF THE YEAR

Under the headline *SCANDAL* magazine's BUY A PRELUDE DRAWS, the *New York Post* ran a factored photo of the Libyan leader wearing earrings, make-up, and a wig. "Dressed as drag," the captioned *Al-Jabir* "might look like this."

STEP 2: BUILD FROM THE GRASS ROOTS UP

After stopping to eat at a New Jersey fast-food restaurant, Richard Nixon left a note: Carl Reed, 1951 member to *THE NEW YORK TIMES* of the *PROGRESS LIVES* REARER PERON.



OVERDOSE OF THE YEAR



No camera? The Pentax 645, the one camera that combines the image excellence of medium format with the simplicity of a 35mm camera. Seven programmatic modes, from fully automatic to fully manual. Built to order drive. Exquisitely accurate through-the-lens viewing, including flash metering. An assortment of lenses to match your expectations. The Pentax 645 Excellence, for those who demand it from everything they do.



**PENTAX
645**

The game of kings...
now a work of art



The Excalibur Backgammon Set



Finely sculptured playing pieces
of 22kt gold and silver on bronze.

Specially designed board of genuine
leather and solid cherrywood.

The Excalibur Backgammon Set is a work of art as
dramatic as the 3000-year-old game itself. Timeless is
the magnificently decorated set—now in existence
—that were once the proud possessions of royalty.

The ultimate expression of imaginative design
and artistic creativity, this splendid backgammon set

takes its name from the enduring legend of King Ar-
thur and his gallant Knights of the Round Table.

Crafted to the highest standards of quality. Each
of the three playing pieces is a beautifully sculptured
relief metal portraying an immortal character from
the golden age of Camelot: King Arthur himself—
Queen Guinevere—Merlin—Lancelot—Galahad—
magical names, every one.

These playing pieces are crafted in 22 karat
gold electrophoretic on solid bronze and in pure .999 fine
silver plate on bronze. Each one is a work of precision
and artistry.

Richly decorated backgammon board. The storied
backgammon board, too, has been custom-
designed for this set. Created with all the care
traditionally lavished on the most elegant furniture, its

frame is solid cherrywood and its surface is genuine
leather—elaborately embellished with symbols of me-
dieval heraldry. In addition, there are two compart-
mentalized drawers for storage of the playing
pieces...two leather-bound dice cups...two pairs of
dice...and an oversized doubling cube.

You will receive two molded playing pieces
every other month. But you will be billed for only one
at a time—just \$22.50 per month. The board and ac-
cessories are yours at no additional charge.

To play and display with immense pride. Here is
an opportunity to own a backgammon set like no
other. A work certain to fascinate anyone who ap-
preciates the truly distinctive and unique.

To acquire it, return the accompanying ap-
plication by January 31, 1987.

Exclusively from The Franklin Mint.
Please mail by January 31, 1987.

The Franklin Mint
Franklin Court, Pennsylvania 19001

Please enter my order for The Excalibur Backgammon Set, consisting of three
playing pieces in 22 karat gold electrophoretic on solid bronze and silver in pure .999
fine silver plate on bronze, plus a specially designed backgammon board, two
dice cups, two pairs of dice and a doubling cube.
I understand to receive two playing pieces every other month
but will be billed for just one at a time—\$22.50 per month—beginning in ad-
vance of my first shipment.

When my order is billed
I will be charged my handling

Signature _____
No. _____
Address _____
City, State, Zip _____



OH, SHE DRAPE YOU FINE

During a speech on world peace in Tallahassee, Florida, Ted Turner said, "Imagine the Italians at war. I mean, what a joke. They didn't belong in the last war, they were sorry they were at it. They'd rather be involved in crime and just making war on having a good time."

NOTES!

The city of Honolulu, Ohio changed its name to Honolulu!

AND FOR AN EXTRA FIVE DOLLARS, THEY'LL WHISPER SWEET NOELS IN YOUR EAR

A prostitution ring was uncovered at Brown University, where clerics could arrange to have sex with two co-eds at a time for \$500.



WHAT'S THE GOING RATE FOR THIRTY SECONDS, ANYWAY?

Attorney Melvin Bell admitted having had sexual relations with a former client, but said that he didn't bill her extra for them.

IF PAPA WERE ALIVE TODAY, HE'D PROBABLY ENJOY IT ALL NIGHT LONG AND NOW

Ernest Hemingway's eldest son, Jack, announced plans to promote a line of clothing and jeans with the Hemingway name.

THANKS OF A GRATEFUL NATION

Representative Gary Vander Jager (R-Mich.) headed a drive to repeal the Twenty-second Amendment, which would allow Ronald Reagan to run for a third term.

IT PROBABLY WOULD HAVE GONE OVER BETTER IN BANGLADESH

In an effort to foster a spirit of optimism, the St. Louis transit authority spent eighteen months collecting bus stops "that stare, but it didn't catch on."

PROMISE ME ANYTHING, BUT GIVE ME NY NY OR COLOGNE

Faberge made a deal with the producers of Sylvester Stallone's new movie, *Over the Top*, that allows them to use his photographs in posters for *Brat*.

Bad Year at Black Rock



WHICH TWIN HAD THE TONE?



WORTH EVERY PENNY

Photo-Lesage earned a million dollars for not appearing on the CBS Morning News.



CAN OF THE YEAR

Thomas Winson was fired as CEO and chairman of CBS after it was revealed that he had tried to arrange a buy-out deal with Coca-Cola.



TRANSGITTER OF THE YEAR

Alison Levine, a thirty-three-year-old investment banker, was charged with fifty-four violations of federal securities law for using insider information to make a \$12.6 million profit.

WORST NEW FLAVOR

Just a new soft drink that contains all the sugar and twice the caffeine of regular cola.



OBJECTION!

Daniel Manning, a Reagan appointee to a federal judgeship, turned in briefs to the Supreme Court that contained full of typos, grammatical, and syntactical mistakes.



SAY, YOU MADE THE LEASE TOO LONG

Newly named Chief Justice William Rehnquist filed for his summer home in Vermont prohibiting the sale of the property to blacks and "people of the Hebrew race."



PUNY, HE DIDN'T LOOK SOLOMON

Little Ben Bonifant, thirteen, a Santa Isaac, managed to land it to celebrate his bar mitzvah.

THEY SHALL BE MISSED



THEY SHALL BE MISSED

As a Laker, The Most Gracious Man.



THEY SHALL BE MISSED

David Robinson, NBA's Most Gracious Man.

THEY SHALL BE MISSED

David Robinson, NBA's Most Gracious Man.

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THEY SHALL BE MISSED

David Robinson, NBA's Most Gracious Man.

Esquire's Exclusive Drug Test!

TEST YOUR HITS—IF YOU HAVE ANY LEFT.

Match the Dubious Achievement in column 1 to the headline in column 2. Place answers in a sterile beaker and shake well.

1. Former Delaware governor James S. du Pont IV, announcing his candidacy for the Republican presidential nomination, called for mandatory drug testing of all teenagers.

2. Deanna Young, Darwin, turned her parents in to the Tulsa, Oklahoma, police for possession of cocaine.

3. After the drug-overdose death of University of Maryland football star Lenihan, *New York Post* columnist Dick Young offered his "incomprehensible thanks" for dying.

4. Seater Boy George was arrested for possession of heroin.

5. Publisher John Warner put *Rolling Stone* staffers on notice that they might be tested for drugs.

6. Senator Alfonse D'Amato (R-N.Y.) went undercover as Marijuana to buy twenty-five tons' worth of crack.

7. After being caught using cocaine for the third time, Michael Ray Richardson was banned from the NBA.

8. President Reagan submitted urine samples for drug testing.



AND TO THINK WE ONCE DISCUSSED HIM AS A CRIMINAL OPPORTUNIST



AT LAST! THE TROUBLE-DRIVEN THEORY IN PRACTICE



BEST CAREER MOVE



HARD OF THE YEAR



A MODEST LITTLE PROPOSAL, BUT WE THINK YOU'LL BE APPEALED BY ITS PRESUMPTION



CRACKPOT OF THE YEAR

IF I WERE ALIVE TODAY, HE'D PROBABLY ENJOY IT ALL NIGHT LONG AND NOW



STEP 5: WHY IS THIS MAN LAUGHING?

CAUTION: SPEED BUMPS AHEAD

The *New York Times* reported that dozens of rural Americans are killed each year after they drink too much, lie down in the middle of the highway, and get run over.

A GOOD BANE, NOT A GREAT BANE

In Denmark, a baster was shot by his own dog, who stopped on a sidewalk, firing both barrels.



MIRACLES OF THE YEAR

Hands Across America

Broken Heartland

A farm boy returns to find what he can amid the fields of loss

By Douglas Bauer
Photographs by Gerd Ludwig

FROM the back porch of my parents' farmhouse you can look out just a brief yard bordered by a wooden fence that my father's last-ditch maintenance keeps as white and bright as hope, just a small vegetable garden to the fields running south to a two-lane highway. And beyond the highway to the fields of another farm. And beyond those fields to a haze, clean sweep where they run into the sky at the edge of the earth.

The Iowa winter is performing itself badly. The air is clear and relatively seedless, and the sun strikes with an intensity that applies auster to the snow. From the heated comfort of the thermal-paneled porch where my father and I sit, the beauty of the day asks you to join it, and if you were to accept the invitation you would find its temperature to be twelve below zero.

My father sits in his velvet chair. He is a short, slight man in his late sixties, with a full head of silver hair that begins to promote worse. He habitually points with his right hand when he speaks, a gesture that has held a deep dysfunction for me since he lost his index finger in a metal press some years ago. Surprisingly retyled, his hand has a sculptural slenderness that only manifests me every time I see him.

Pointing back east to the winter day from which we've escaped, he says, "Old Jack Beedham. Boy, now there's a guy, he's a

terrible shape."

I'm confused, hearing the phrase to mean that someone's very old ("Maybe" is a terrible shape. Her color's awful), which is what is used to mean when spoken here.

How so?" I ask.

"Well, he sold his farm to his sons. But the son's gone bankrupt and let the farm go back. Now Jack's got it on his hands again when he thought he was out from under it."

Which is what the phrase means today: loss is in terrible shape, his color, economically, psychologically, out the mirror glass of its winter fields, is awful. I've known this, of course, as the rest of the country has known it, but in the first years of the trouble, 1981-1982, the central part of Iowa, where our home near Boone City sits, continued relatively unharmed insulated by the excellence of its soil and long runs that other parts of the state did not receive.

As he talks, my father looks out, his gaze fixed. He tells me of a high school classmate of mine who has lost his hardware store—a business he assumed from his father-in-law. And of another classmate's liquidation sale.

DOUGLAS BAUER is a writer living in Boone. He is currently at work on a novel and is collector of movies.

As a way of life slips away, it is no surprise that a farmer without farming



of his farm north of town. Farmers often speak to someone at their side while holding their eye on the horizon, as though—perhaps as they may be to pass the time with you—no more human contact their full attention from the preoccupying event of the earth against the air. It was one of the earliest joys that I knew as a youngster for learning that the spectacle of the view does not yield itself to me. What do farmers see, I've asked myself. Sometimes I've wondered if my father, other farmers, are still trying to connect this machine, working with the obligations of Colombia, because a life of field work—tractors moving back and forth, field edge to field edge over the most manually grueling land—must regularly reinforce the sense that the earth is ungraspably flat.

My father talks of the conditions that have changed against farming. His is the same lot as everyone else's—an extremely very rise in interest rates that have will not follow significantly for farmers needing loans, a perverse national policy that asked farmers to grow enough grain to feed the world ("Plant fewer rows to fence row," in the Washington order farmers now repeat bitterly), and their placed embargoes on exports that prevented them from doing so. The expensive dollar overvalued against American commodities compared to other nations, then, once the farm began, a fall in land prices that made a farmer—whose hecker had named him at the end of 1978, early 1980, that he was an extremely security man—worth successively less and less. Until his hecker informed him, in the spring of 1988, that he was too poor to receive a loan to plant that year.

So much has changed since the last time we sat on this porch to talk solely about the fiscal side of farming. Then, nearly ten years ago, he was considering whether to buy from his sister her half of the farm their father had purchased in 1968, or to honor her wish to sell and offer as 3.7 acres as a piece. I remember asking him then if he'd thought what might have happened if it had been good at farming and had wished to turn with him, and he'd spoken of the problems such as interest would have caused, how he'd have been forced to work more hard to sustain a partnership. And then my father, meeting my thoughts directly, said, "No, I never minded that you weren't interested. Because, in fact, I never loved farming myself."

That moment will remain explicable for its casual observation, and for his quiet admission. I'd long ago made a name equivalent he was to good at farming, obedient to his fields, therefore he must certainly be considered by an older ranching his girls. But no. What had moved him, he went on to say, had been his father's passing such that he took over the farm, and after complying he practiced a life for forty years that he was disproportionately very good at.

And now, as I see the conditions of farms, and now that those farmers hardly let me those my age who began to farm when I would have, I realize my father's greatest gift to me, he didn't love the work.

I look out at the fields and see as early lessons of my messages. Tractors backed up every rotary hose. Luca crawled in a house. The staff of olive trees. For me, as a teenager driving a tractor with the season's applicable equipment attached, farming remained always, and inconspicuously, an act of play. I know the physical intricacies of the work too closely—the flow of the tractor's power from the steering wheel through my hands and up into my shoulders defying a labor of incredible accuracy. Consequently the literal efforts of farming began and ended with them for me, in the wheel, in a systematically pleasurable chore.

On the other hand, because the act of farming was recreation, I couldn't stay properly attentive to the business I was conducting, but went for into daydreams, then came back at my mind to the field, growing enough me to see that I had stayed for half a mile far to the left of where I needed to be.

Ten years ago, when my father and I talked, his debts were nearly covered. Men came to the porch door to ask if he would sell them. Considering what to do, because it might be time, knowing his father's work, he watched the prices of farm grow—\$1,500 an acre, \$1,750, \$2,240—like a feverishly hunted crop, and when he finally set his figure, \$3,400 an acre, the man he offered it to spent less than it had costing it was a price he should take before it rose.

"I was a little surprised," he says. "He decided so quick, that I didn't have to sharpen a pencil's figure—it that price it didn't pay me to over it."

Those like myself for whom the view has no distracting hold don't see that the landscape, apparently so still, must be as dramatic as the roll of the ocean. This comes to me as I realize that, in fact, everything about the view from our porch has changed. Ten years ago, these fields were not only expensive and steadily desired, they were also, then, my father's. Now they're owned and farmed by someone else and worth roughly \$600 an acre. Maybe that has much to do with what began the farmer's pain, but certainly. He sees the very definition of the land constantly changing or, at the very least, briefly passed, he sees, in both senses, the way the country lies.

Back to my father and cannot imagine the struggle he'd be having right now if he'd not said when he did. Thank God, I think. The farming has been bound to the care of a vegetable garden and the obsessive tending of a two-acre lawn, the land around the house my parents have kept, and the maintenance

It doesn't take the author's parents could not for four years when they'd got today



of the bordering white fence whose job, one might conclude, is to keep another farmer's fields from coming any closer.

PETE Brent sits in his desk chair and shakes his head. "I suppose you heard we lost another one last night," he says.

"I say yes. I'd heard the night before on the radio that a farmer from McHenry, fewer than forty miles from Prairie City, had killed himself—a shotgun in the head. I ask Brent if he knows of anyone who took his life after taking in his on his last leg.

"So he, no," he says, shaking his head. "On the top of his desk. Oh, I've lost a few of 'em lately" while somebody else here called the sheriff or the guy's minister and sent him out to him. I had a guy call and say he was gonna do himself in. He had a shotgun. We got somebody to him in time."

Brent works for an activist group called Prairiefire, one of a number that together make up the Iowa Farm Unity Coalition, perhaps the state's most progressive farm- or organization, having grown from the early recognition in 1981 that people were being put off their land. It seems indicative of the way Pete Brent thinks that he fathers beneath the cover of the prison or the man from McHenry who shot himself Monday night. We lost another one. He was in Iowa. He killed. He was there one of us.

He squares for a considerable position, seems a boy sentenced to his desk and recess while his classmates play outdoors. And in a way he is. For most of his working life he was a farmer, at any rate, most recently raising cattle on a farm just west of Des Moines, and in every way he remains one except that he no longer has cattle nor a farm on which to raise them. Brent declared his opposition bankrupt in 1983 and his work for Prairiefire has given him volunteerism to answer their phones to the full-time position he holds now, supervising its farm crisis hot line, taking more of its calls. Twenty to thirty a day, taking fifteen minutes to an hour and a half.

He wears blue jeans, wide-leg boots, a flannel shirt, a goose-down vest. He has thin blond hair and a healthy flush that a man with a desk job has no right to have. His voice rises as he speaks, cracks thirdly like a key on the empty resistance. "A lot of guys now are saying, 'Why should I fight? You lost your farm; what chance is there I can keep mine?' And all you can say is, 'Hold your head up and say you tried to make a difference.' This problem was not by you."

He shakes his head. The people out there gotta understand. The farmer's got broad shoulders, so he'll take his one third of the blame. But the President and the Congress, they better start taking their one third, and the big word companies and the equipment manufacturers, they gotta take their one third, too. For telling the farmer how he was gonna feed the world. And the farmer, he got sucked into all that he found

that no-one was. All right, maybe he should know better; but, by God, he's not the one that sucks."

Brent says of his methods with those who call: "I tell them they got to start sharing information with me. They got to open up if I'm gonna help 'em. If you can keep them talking, you got a chance."

After then anything I've learned, the idea of farmers in such conversations on the phone, advising one another to speak their feelings—twenty, thirty calls a day, one farmer advising to another that he's been hearing about those who've killed themselves and thinks it just might be the best idea left—more than anything yet: this seems to me the measure of the culture's desperation.

Not the ranches themselves. In a way, a farmer talking himself in the daily logical extreme of the representative misperception, one of such reserve that any emotion—even, in better days, the high man—holds upon itself for the sake of a public emergency. Knowing the degree to which these people are likely to hold to their own, it's not hard to understand a desperation made so large in part by refusing it its voice that one decides at last to crack it, and then decides that the way to ease it is to talk it.

What's astonishing are these farmers who call Pete Brent instead. I'm not sure, frankly, how excessive it is to claim that for a farmer so severely pressured, the more difficult option is making a phone call to say he is a martyr. But I believe it is the least destructive one. So the ancient rising of Prairiefire's hot line and the appearance of many other groups throughout the state whose offers of counsel are drawing strong response, give evidence of a blow to rural psyche: shaken deeply enough to show some signs of change, to be forced by loss to open up. "See, Brent says, his voice high and full at the top of its range: "where all this anguish is coming from? When they take away the farm they take everything. A farmer, he's working in his fields and he's thankful. Next year I'll take out those trees, or I'll put more fertilizer on that piece, or I'll put up a fence over there." He's never wanted to do any other thing but farm, and all he's got to mind now neither he'll do on the place or he will take it over.

"And now he gets his dream taken away from him, and when you don't have your dream no more—Gee, I mean, take my heart if you gotta, take my soul, but don't take away my dream."

He sighs nothing more, and the room is sharply quiet. His creaking chair makes a disrespectful sound. Even the phones seem to hold for a moment.

After I've said goodbye to Pete Brent and the office waxes dark again, I hear from inside a hoarse round of laughter. Someone

Could be seen high across the road and low into the house perched over



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Abstracts of the 1998 Annual Meeting of the American Psychological Association, Washington, DC, August 1-5, 1998.

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says, "I have to say, Pete, it just by God makes my day to come in here and listen to you talk." And someone else says, "Man, Pete, I thought it's gonna have to come in there and throw water on you. I never heard you lay it on so thick before." And more laughter and I think I hear Lincoln's amused, winking priestess. Still, and even here in the offices of a hot line that people sometimes call to say they're thinking of killing themselves, the room must be quickly swept after the open display of such emotion: "wutha hoo durnt and aad and aad and aad" moves innocently in the air.

DRIVING the highway from Des Moines through Pottawattamie City and on out toward my parents' house east of town, I have Pete (Scott) a wrench still in my hand.

There are five farms between the edge of town and the intersecting road to my parents' place, and I know, who lives in each of them, have an overflowing imagination, a kind of panorama of memory and present, of each place as I pass it. But if I only sense that feeling, the farms themselves have actually produced it.

The highway bends through a left-hand turn and runs with the land. On my left, two-story built-up stone houses, plain as a crib, head the larger original place. The man who lived with his family in the former lives by himself in the new one, not fifty yards away. And across the road, the same pattern—a small new house, again in the dimensions of a gated-down life, a hundred yards west of the old one.

Arise a sharp cry: at the highway,
 In the ferns at the crossroads. And have also,
 A tiny home beside spring up against the highway,
 Surrounded by a walled garden of herbs,
 And the cypress, an unvarnished ladder and
 stairs: used to live in, I suppose says the
 cat in his new mew. My father says that when
 the two of them passed along the path they
 saw the cat in the garden of the walled garden
 mew. Why in heaven's name, he wonders,
 would they want to pass it until now? Maybe,
 I suppose, because now it's their mew.

It occurs to me what the farmer has
 done with the garden. He has made it
 not just his milk at all, but his life's certainty.
 No matter how severe the lack, how devastating
 the drought, the life of farming con-
 tinues. All the wrenching vicissitudes of
 life are paid to rest. Even in the first Depres-
 sion, when farms sold failed epidemically
 the way of life remained or was eventually
 reclaimed after years of disruption. It is
 been so since that time. Many farms have
 been lost, but the life of farming has been
 preserved.

My dad lost his farm in the Depression.
 I suppose who's said that is a farmer,
 or had one at one time, or knows from farm
 folk. The prospect now is that things get
 better, but will be no such thing as farming
 to their hearts.

How extraordinary: To think that the large

of the life has always been its solitariness: I imagine a farmer, year after year, growing old with the ceremony, opening the earth and placing his seeds, the certainties of the life, until he achieves a perfectly erudite solitariness and dies on the land as the way he has lived, soberly placed, his last seed, in his soil.

Pete Bland believes they value the car so deeply they consider it their dream. He thinks they'd work for nothing just to keep that dream out there in their sight. To sit on the plane or leave it in the snow hole.

I past the farms that flank the highway and crossing, made any one of them the better standing at the window of his angular house at first light in early May: his newly turned fields gleaming black, wet as faith, and allowing himself the luxury of his full imagination. Where, he asks himself, is the perfect place to end? Where is all the world if I were free to choose: would I build a last house? And then he smiles to himself as his anger slowly turns at the end of his field, at the end of his life.

I turn it toward my parents' house. Ahead it stands majestically, the landscape around it no claim that of a just-completed suburbia's. With stone of the money house's sale of the farm, they radically altered the house's shape but kept its scale. They built a bedroom on the first floor so that, eventually, neither of them will have to climb the stairs. They rearranged the layout so that they could enter the basement without having to go outside. It is now to me so changed that I always have a few minutes of social disorientation whenever I visit, unthinkingly interrogating the house that it had been.

IT'S impossible to know whether the town of Fresno, Calif., has deteriorated further over last summer, when I'd last visited, or if what appears a deeper bleakness, a kind of soulless, lost, is only the value of the winter light.

Still, there are some things I see and know for sure. A magnificent old home blocks from the square, precariously gabled, always my favorite home in town, is sliding into ruin. The buildings of the hotel district that dominate the western edge of the town badly need the paint they've almost gotten almost irreversibly.

At the three-way roundabout, I go up, but spread diffusely—on the bank's winding river, in the miles of the convenience market, and in the two small drives on the through-town highway. Formerly, everyone came to some point during the day to the Pleasure U Store, in the middle of the block on the north side of the square. But the Pleasure U closed down for a time, and now, newly reported, it has lost its monopoly on the talk. But in fact, there now seems so much talk, and so much need to, that I don't imagine the Pleasure U being alone much. I suspect it would have spilled out the front door and soaked anybody in it.

the others that it has

"I heard P was drunk as a bat in his pickup Saturday morning. L came into the car wash and there he was sprawled out on his front seat."

"Don't know why, don't you?"

“Foster space”

*That's what I got.

¹⁰ 'It called in his order for a full security clearance.'

1998

"It's the first time in all the years I've driven this track he didn't just say 'Pill the



The farmer sees, in both senses of the word, the way the country lies.

tasks.' He said exactly how many dollars to deliver, and it didn't come near filling his tank.

"Is that right? It's looking a little better. Wonder how much longer he's got?"

If the talk has found more places, its subject has narrowed to a singular obsession: How's he doin'? How's he hangin' from your under? Everyone in Prairie City has been entranced to the beguilingly evocative of his life in relation to the enveloping threat: There goes B. He let his hair go back last fall. Lookin' T and R. How're they hangin' now that he's bakin'? There's D. Lookin' that lucky number. Sold out just in time and/or on the street.

My father, of course, is a lucky bastard in the eyes of the town, and he says he's concerned about his good fortune as well when he did it, he was with his friends in a booth at the drive-in. But what he's more often asked whether or not the man who bought the farm from him has been keeping up the payments. He says he's asked that question almost weekly, and though such interest is needless and

One makes it no less so that a man's turning a luxury, anyone's here, not just my father's, has been unapologetically confirmed by the consistent curiosity about all that matters now.

To reach the northwest corner of the state from Prairie City, you must follow a strict grid of highways, a geometry as pedestrian as a child when you study on lower map to plot your route and use rectangles of time and fuel forming the secondary sections of land. Fields run upwind as triangles along Highway 26 from Algona to Spencer and gravel country roads intersect it with a regularity that expresses again your division of the land. "Land around here has been looked up, passed down, the generations," says a farmer I will call David Bailey. "The cleared in fences, in dows and such, and the only time any of it comes up is when some body's in trouble. And that doesn't happen according to your calendar."

The public's peeking is a stop as he surveys that and steps down to the gravel roadside that borders the southern edge of one of his fields. Rich's explaining is true here but is couched in acronyms: almost 130 acres of land, a small portion of which he rents from others, is such an apparently neutral and step into the field. A few days of suddenly lively weather have melted the snow, and we can see the stubbled stiles of last year's corn stretching the field in nicely pale lines. For almost of us again, right in one lone story house, a midsize house of the nearest town, each field on the north.

Busley is a large man with an amiable, warm manner. He wears the farmer's requisite billed cap bearing a seed-head (cornucopia's trademark) and a light-red possum-down vest over a dark flannel shirt. He knuckles easily through his field as we talk, his shoes stirring the cornstalks, making soft rustling sounds.

Butley is his late thirteenth, two years younger than I. He began to help his father with the sheep as a boy, when he was in grade school, and he is now older he took on more and more of the work himself. By the time he finished high school in 1985 he learned without his father's help all of what he was to do when he learned on weekends and vacations and, of course, all through the summers. But even so, even then, he says, he had no plan to take up the life. He had no plan, either for anything else, until the Army provided him one in a letter from his draft board. He arranged to serve in Iraq, which had grown to three hundred acres with purchases of land he'd made while at college and spent four years overseas, near the end last year.

"When I got out of the Army," Hasky says, "the farm was here, something I'd started. It seemed like an opportunity—the is the only ISOA we're talking about now—to build something. It was work I'd started, and I can't stand to not finish something I've started."

So he bought more land, paying 5 and 9 percent interest rates perceived to be unusually high by surrounding farmers trying to buy land for the first time in years.

Dressed for Excess

*You say there's
a calamity coming
and you've got
nothing to wear?
Here are four
new ways to brave
the elements*

Photographs by John Madere

The Photo and Video Laboratory at Princeton, N.J.



VAPORS

The Fomex 800 that industrial jobs protect its workers from hazardous vapors and chemicals, as well as from high temperatures from industrial accidents. With the Fomex 800, you're safe from chemical spills, fumes, and, for a limited period of time, from radiant heat up to 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The suit is made for use in gas or liquid accidents, as well as at plant shutdowns. The Fomex 800 features a 100 percent reflection of radiant heat, and its inner chemical suit has vapor-proof layers for maximum safety. These features combine into a suit that would have to work hard, it's just to know that the suit's in the right place and time—it will be at a moment, it's only a few seconds—allow the suit movement.



BACTERIA

The U.S. Army's new suit, the P3000, for Protection of the Body, Biological, Microbiological, Chemical, and Nuclear. The suit, which protects its wearer from most of chemical and biological warfare, is fully self-contained with its own air supply. The P3000 is designed for personnel working in a contaminated area and offers its wearer to work in accidental contamination. Because of its unique design, the P3000 must be sealed in order to suit up.

DANGEROUS DUST

Reynolds Engineering's Biohazard Protection Suit (BPS) is designed to clean-room use, protect the wearer from bio-contaminants. The suit's unique positive-pressure sealed system provides total containment to prevent airborne contaminants from the manufacturing of microchips and semiconductor, as well as in a variety of uses in the pharmaceutical and food industries. The clean-room suit is powered by a mobile battery pack that lasts four to six hours on a single charge. Because the suit makes releases no sound, verbal exchanges between workers are at its ready disposal. For Biohazard, Reynolds takes particular pride in the fact that on this most often safety suit, the cleaner is not in any form fitting, allowing workers to distinguish suit from wearer: the perfect suit for a micro-man.



DEEP WATER

Decompression International's model three 100 Gallon Satra System is SATRA by a new name. Atmospheric diving suit that allows workers to go as deep as 1000 feet without need for decompression and work for a period of up to seven days. SATRA divers are only five feet high and, with an optional hood & oxygen gases breathing apparatus, look like a giant. However, its total weight drops to 100 pounds. Because SATRA's system is in a 100% oxygen system, there's no need for time-consuming decompression. Satra is a 100% oxygen system and a 100% oxygen system. SATRA, used in hundreds of deep-sea drilling and exploration operations.



Black Botham

By Mike Weiss

All of England cheered him; he was the rowdy champion, the greatest cricket player on earth. What a bloody shame, how it all turned out



word to comment, confusion plus tears.

"I don't want to say any more, Alan. Anyone could be looking. I mean, they're capable of that they could be tapping my phone." Botham has a working/middle-class English accent, the kind a boy at a major public school picks up if he is sensitive to the class question. He talks shy at his ankle, a crooked fracture. There are round purple-yellow bruises on his imposing torso, inflicted by West Indies fast bowlers. He has the body of a world-class short hitter: six feet two, 235 pounds, heavily muscled thighs suggesting power to repulse. Long locks, streaked blond because he dunks his too young to let the few gray hairs show, hang down his neck. Not a handsome face, but assertive and charming, a fitting ones for the greatest all-rounder of modern times. His face with disconcerting power, bowls with unrelenting force, and fields with a big man's startling grace. And yet he is in danger of being tossed from international cricket, which he has embraced for a decade with his still, pluck, joie de vivre, and high drama.

It is a Sunday in early April. Botham's taken up a room they've been calling the Hot Zone. It's cluttered with the belongings of a man who has been living in the twilight: mass-terrace flats, clad with food, empty rooms and full suitcases, a week's shabby clothing, cricket bats, padded batting gloves, a hard-plastic helmet, and rain-soaked socks. He has just been awakened

from a three-hour nap. His first sleep in thirty hours, by a call from his solicitor. That followed by two calls to his solicitor on the previous Sunday, too. And again on Thursday, when Botham went directly from a phone in the Queen's Park Oval pavilion to bowl the first ball in a do-or-die match for his country.

"No, no, don't fly out," Botham is saying. "Kathy's coming out to America and that's more important now. You can do the rest. It's a nice warm place of milk and do the rest. We're going to go for their throats, man, that's what we're going to do."

Unfortunately for English cricket, the threats in question are not those of the West Indian fast bowlers whose advertising tactics are leading their side toward a second consecutive five-guineas-to-a-stim defeat of England—indeed, as now, a third-guinea call to us what is cricket's approximate equivalent to the world series. No Botham is talking about editors and reporters of the *Nines of the World*, a Rupert Murdoch rag that has just devoted the first five pages of its Sunday edition to a story best summarized by its own headline:

BOTHAM COCAINE AND SEX SCANDAL. HE SHORTLY ONCE ON PETER EXPOSED. FRONT PAGE IN THE AT MICK JAGGERS VILLA. BUSINESS LIES OUTSIDE THE TILES AND DISAPPEARED BY. HEALTH GUARDS REPORT BY PHILIP WITH HIS HANDS THEIR NEW COLLAPSED.

It has been quite a while since an American could view professional athletes as models of moral rectitude, but the English are more ideologically attached to preserving tradition. With the exception of the royal family, no English institution is more sacrosanct than that of cricket. Though Botham denied the accusations and is suing for libel, it was nonetheless the first time cocaine use has ever been alleged in the game of cricket, that durable vessel containing two and a half centuries of decency and fair play.

Botham's private life has been entirely changed by the British gutter press. *The Sun*, which provides him with a traveling ghost-writer and pays him about \$45,000 (about \$68,000 for a regular *News Week* cover) on Leicestershire Street will be published in the spring.

CRICKET'S KNIGHT ERRANT:

With fierce bat, electrifying arm, and peevish combativeness, Ian Botham lays waste to opponents, but all the while his interior on not playing by the rules has turned his life into melodrama.



Short-Leg Story: A Cricket Primer



To the uninitiated, the game of cricket has always been an impenetrable hedgehog of irrational moves, eccentric rules, and obscure terms (humble up, what's a googly?).

Griffin, presents, for instance, any information as also the fact that it is roughly circular, with a diameter of about ten handspans (the center is a point of self-symmetry located across the back). At each end of the main axis point, such as the student, stands a pair of three arms, each arm twenty-eight inches high. Two trunks of seven feet four inches in diameter are at the ends. Each trunk (cylinder or cone) has a diameter of four feet (cylinder or plane), the wood is always painted, with blue, green, yellow, and red.

grow, wrapped in a better skin
 disease

“Fuck it. I’m doing. The phone wasn’t made for this weather, anyway.” Bothan was expecting a call from—who else?—his sister.

Paralyzed by Lord's, he had withdrawn to Scotland so he could "get back to reality." "If you make it a hard time, if you let it be a hard time for you, I should think it would be useful. My attitude is," Bertram said, "it gives me eight weeks to use more of my looks and sort it out."

A serious dent had been made in the second bottle and the tattooed girl had almost clear out of sight when Boffens told a hazy tale about the road to justice and how another

and he'll let it away, between the blades, so that he can run it in the other notch before it is reformed (the other lockman runs simultaneously in the opposite direction, the two ideally creating all the windings). That the run is not altered when the ball is set over the boundary

low, the batsman gets an automatic four runs if it goes over or on the ground, or six if it sails over on the fly.

THE batsman is out—

"Gibbs-out!"—if he releases the ball and it hits the wicket, if he hits the ball to the air and it's caught by one of the fielders, or if he doesn't run fast enough and the ball is returned to the wicket before he gets there. Or, of course, if he's out (they before wicket): that is, if his leg gets in the way of the ball, that means

door when they saw a hunter turn his dogs loose on a defenseless young dog. Bothers shouted for the hunter to call off his dogs, but the man just laughed. Bothers took up his rifle and started the last dog. Then he turned his sights onto the second dog and dispatched it, also, with a single shot. The man takes no half measures, not even there was no malice in his heart for the long-legged victim of his slaughter; in fact, he is a sentimentalist about dogs. But the dogs' master had to be punished. Bothers's heroic deed permitted no alternative.

Hesitantly back ashore at last, all of us except Mother crowded into his light: our Nissan four-wheel drive, warming our noses from Thompson's cold and sun.

otherwise have had
the wicked).
Elementary.

BOWLERS may be of the fast, medium, or slow persuasion. How fast? Well, faster than a speeding sparrow—they have one, stuffed, at last's curled ground, killed in flight by a fast ball. And the slow batters? Their idea is to spin the ball with their fingers, making it spin and pop and jump when it hits the ground.

WITH a spirited selection of films, CDs, and books, a historian can fit the ball anywhere he likes. And he has plenty of time to indulge his whimsy: Professional power

...for three days, and international games—test matches—are scheduled for five days. Team scores usually add up to between 150 and 400 per innings. Individual batsmen score anything from a divided duck (0) to a century (100) and beyond.

Given, of course, they run into an explosive pokey.

—Paul Kintner

collier. The man who had come with the truck also bore tidings from Looft—England's eleven, in its first test without the services of its all-rounder, had scored an asthetic 180 runs against India. Defeat, and the time to a side supposed to be England's ally, was once again inevitable.

"It's a pity," Botham said. "But it's nothing to do with me." When he was out of court that, one of the Scottish gillies remarked, "It's a boker's shame; it is, England going down and there's only one man who could make the difference, and he's all here in Scotland fishing and the rain is getting down."

Botham came back our way, open bottle in hand. "The hell with it, I'd rather be fishing. Lord's needs me more than I need it."

"Aye," agreed the lads. "Aye. Aye. Aye."

It occurred to me then that Botham had been wrong back in Truhead. The problem was that Lord's dues went a here, but not in the mind of E. T. Botham. An uncompromising workaholicist hero who knows no restraint is not the best idea of anybody to be.

Leave that night, after hot baths, a stinko

ner, and an ample number of dross looked back with sily put chasers of Gaudens, Balthazar's malice to the world.

"Some people at Lord's use this phrase, 'You're becoming lazier than the game.' The words emphatically spaced. I often hear 'I don't know what it means.' I honestly don't. Whatever it is, I try to do it to its fullest, whether it's dragging my stoles around as a host or a tugging run on a loch or whatever. I give it everything I've got. For a very determined person. And when I go out on the field to play sports, it's usual for me to enjoy that—it's you against them, it's similar to guys being in their Scabbies in the Battle of Britain.

"I think what scares them a lot of it is envy. I can captivate an audience. Okay, I like to wear my hair long. I do my own thing. They might not like my colored shoes, but it's what I wear because I like it. Who the hell should tell me what to wear?" The questions I pose with they're totally unaware of. I'm there to do a job. And I have that thing about"—murmuring a pretty upper-class accent—"Bothies is bigger than the game."

Bathory seems to me a kind of Dylan Thomas of cricket, a raw genius bedeviled by the defects of his strength. After a while he drifts out of the saloon, slowly but inexorably the lads wonder after him into the tiny smoky lounge where he is watching a movie, *Brother Moses*.

As Breaker is led at dawn to face the firing squad, Bothers' baddy Irish Joe Newman stumbles into the lounge in an advanced stage of a daylong drinking bout. "What'd a de-wrongers, Becty?"

"E must have done. Beef. If they're shooting 'em."

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

PROFILE

George Will Among the Polysyllables

If he's so darned perspicacious, why is everybody picking on him?

By William A. Henry III

Gorge F. Will is standing in Champaign-Urbana, Illinois, on the ground where he feels most at home, and he is talking on the telephone, where he actually is most at home. "For once I'm not off making a speech," he says with his trademark boyish laugh, a sound somewhere between a hoot and a door slamming. Will has come home to outside his roofline, who has

been injured in a fall, and to question the judgment of a surgeon who says her knee probably cannot be fixed. There is a fence glint in his eyes as he talks of the wisdom of looking something that he would usually wave off with a brow: an other reason.

As he waits for a more hopeful prognosis, America's most ubiquitous opponent of abortion—seen on ABC, in alternate issues of *Newsweek*, and in some 450 daily newspapers—tells 60 readers that he hasn't been



Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU

through a tough year. Despite these challenges, in strong contrast to the public view of his decade-plus in office, Governor Will has been the darling of intellectuals, higher-minded politicians, and his biographer in the class. He won a Pulitzer Prize just four years into his career. Then, just only the dawn of his time. In 1988, critics concocted a "Will Would" list, with items such as "never" and "also, for the first time in his life, a sustained and multifarious controversy." First, columnist Garry Trudeau (who had once been the pundit on pop-culture scums by lampooning him day after day in *Doonesbury*). But Trudeau wasn't just taking off after the man's name—the columnist's segmental identity as nineteenth-century British Tory perfectionist, as well as his

William A. Henry III won the Pulitzer Prize for criticism in 1986.



The point, according to George: "I do not always much / Amuse to be consumed."

riticism. Trudewitz accused the professorial, lecture-prone Will of phony erudition—of acquiring his scholarly-sounding references through the help of a concubine "quote boy." That lifted the lid off the quote-boy ruse, which had been quietly making the rounds in Washington, promptly popped into print, obliquely or explicitly, in publications ranging from *The Village Voice* to *The Washington Post*. While Trudewitz's charges were reinforcing a cover story in *The New York Times* of Beols' writers by James Fallows charged Will, below his highbrow peers, with a deeper kind of phony erudition. Fallows described Will as prone to reaching for big

words but not grasping their finer—“stretching together quotations with light common sense of his own, always taking about something but rarely making a distinct point.” Further denigrating him as too rich and too well connected to have the “outside edge” necessary for tough journalism, Fallows pointedly accused Will, and did accuse some writers he characterized as Will’s disciples, of contributing their deepest thinking on some national security issues to benefit the Reagan administration.

Will tries to laugh off the New York

Times substance as too small to matter and too leftish to give him a fair hearing. But the audience in another small non-left-leaning at *The Wall Street Journal*, which posed the chairman in a three-page feature by Jane Mayer that depicted Will as compromised and made much of his land-and-golf-estate friendship with Nancy Reagan, longtime critic Henry Finkle brushed him at length in the neo-liberal *New York* magazine, which posed Will’s brotherhood for more criticism through taking a glowing name from the past to some lovely exemplar of a similar trait at public life today. Finkle wrote, “The fun in him and more important, it is a sign of any serious situation to our cultural

heritage and to our beliefs is. Will makes culture everyone.” Even Russell Baker of *The New York Times*, in a piece that described Will as an upstart “helpless-super,” cuttingly evoked him as a hollidier: “Telling somebody who had just read *The Cat in the Hat* at bedtime that the Seven’s work would profit from being re-written by James Madison.”

To deflect interest from all this, Will works through all the gambits he has cultivated during his years as a public figure. First comes the self-deprecating one-liner: “Are criticism of me?” That’s an acronym, “simply respectable.” He follows that remark with the symbolic disclaimer, the charged protest, as he goes off the record to debunk the quote-boy story as something put out for self-aggrandizement by a former friend.

Then he adopts the benign-critic statesman manner, full of lofty sentiment: “We are judged in this world by our products. I will largely be judged by mine.” Next comes the steely rejoinder: Of Trudewitz: “It’s a category mistake to ask where the step is accurate. He doesn’t deal in truth, he deals in wit.” Of Fallows: “I don’t want to speculate about his inner life.” In a twinkling, he shifts to the deep thinker about his craft: “If power is, as Bertrand Russell defined it, the ability to achieve intended effects, then most journalists defy the definition because they do not, by and large, have a clear agenda of intention.” He pursues the notion of journalistic power through a columnar about the collective impact of Edward H. Murray: the TV coverage of the John F. Kennedy assassination, and the re-broadcasting of Spiro T. Agnew. Finally Will assumes the denigrator role Boy Scout, as he says, “It’s a little hard to alarm. A career in public is like baseball—a long season and then the numbers add up.”

He may be hard to alarm, but he is very easy to goad into action. When Mayer’s piece appeared in the *Journal*, Will fired off a reply in the newspaper’s editor, Robert Barley—and sent copies to other journalists who were writing pieces about him. What really burned him about Mayer, he says, is that she presented an interview from 9:00 A.M. to 10:00 “She and she would find first thing in the morning. Then she sat and listened while I told my secretary that I needed to talk to Bob Strain at Kennedy’s office, to Jack Matthews in Tip O’Neil’s office, and to a few other people and said, ‘Well, that answers my first question. You do some reporting. Well, who is she to judge how hard I work?’”

Weak, cold weather sunlight is casting a late-morning glow over the well-worn corners in the kitchen of George Will’s Chevy Chase mansion. It is a little after 8:00 A.M. His wife has gone off to work as a dedicated assistant secretary for Special Education and Rehabilitation Services. His three children have gone off to school. The mood and

the secretary and the bookkeeper are all out of the house. And Will, wearing casual trousers and a bulky old sweater, is making his usual coffee out of a jet boiler sitting off to work in his paneled but less than spacious home office.

The lamp in his study is a Tiffany, Not Tiffany-style, like the red-and-green glass shades with the bunch-of-grapes motif, but the general aesthetic is Louis Comfort Tiffany. So, for that matter, is the vase on the long-coast mahogany table, both have a muted luster, a subtle brown glow. Both were bought for about \$40,000 or more by the man who is sipping coffee from a huge-bowled mug and looking at the clock. “You’re damn poor’s book explains.” Talking about money, he adds, in a “silly.”

A call comes in from the producer of

four formats and don’t like any of them all that much. But we will go to it again!”—and on that network’s *Nightline* in addition to his weekly slot in part of the *Monday* hour table. With the help of his secretary and general factotum, Dana Gylfevander, a long, cool, and courteous blonde who normally stationed near the telephone and copying machine in his office, Will also goes to his desk and looks at the clock. It is identical speech he gives each year, chiefly to corporate groups prepared to pay fees generally starting at \$7,500. He caustically reflects on well into the tens of millions, as if to show he is actually a giant. But then, for all his studied cynicism, he is a moderate, a pragmatist, and a literary lion. He has been heard the way President Reagan apparently does—and for that matter, as television programs Ford Silverman saw himself into his golden post contact turned quicksilver in an earlier time, like, something, something, only to heartland values. Or perhaps as a Quaker board through which Middle America can make itself understood in Washington.

Ever since Will Lippman retired, and perhaps before, people who care about the opinions of power jockey and grand show have asked aloud who the next Lippman would be. The first Lippman lowered about journalism and even political Washington like a bespectacled colossus. Among an elite where most reporters were barely educated, Lippman not only read books but wrote them, not only comprehended practical politics but theorized about ideal government. From Warren Harding’s era to Lyndon Johnson’s, Lippman’s column was acquired reading among mainstream and power elites everywhere. He was very much the first American journalist who by power of his brain rather than the politician he covered, came to be more important than almost anyone he interviewed. The columns for a conservative, distrustful of American journalism today must, to fit the Lippman image, be someone who is recommended for his thinking than for his tropical reporting, someone who can get the most out of a highly-fused conversation and who put the most into one. A journalist to Lippman’s those must move easily in the corridors of power, be ready to advise Presidents and other national leaders—a position that the vast majority of modern journalists view with a faint distaste, which was not the case with Lippman. Lippman, however laid to rest, must also be effective on television. By these standards, Will is not only the strongest but practically the only candidate for that mantle of authority. As one longtime Washington columnist privately puts it, “Lippman plus a clear editorial mission plus articulate news equally well, then Will is the most influential journalist in America.”

Few Washington columnists, unless, as heavy thinkers. They are, cultured, skilled strategists and reporters of other people’s thinking. The strategists, Evans and

*For all his elitism,
Will sees himself
the way Reagan
does: as an
intuitive honing
fork resonating to
heartland values.*

ABC’s Sunday morning show, Tim West with David Brinkley, asking Will’s opinion on what topics ought to be covered in the next year. Another column from Howard Cook, with whom Will chats about having met Peter Ueberroth. Then there’s a call from House Republican leader Robert Michel, whom Will addresses as “Bob.” Among the people Will says he means to interview is the former actor Robert Beals, the man who fired Archibald Cox during Richard Nixon’s Saturday Night Massacre, revealed Sam Bellamy, and Republican senator John Danforth of Missouri, whose political career did not end in Vietnam. Will a swirl of a candidate.

Placed squarely in front of Will, in the center of his desk, is a yellow legal pad on which he scribbles and rewrites, his columns by hand. Columns are thus twice a week at the offices of *The Washington Post*’s Victor Group, which produces him to newspapers and once every other week at *Newsweek*, where he shares the magazine’s first page with a more liberal counterpart, *The Washington Post*’s editorial-page editor, Meg Greenfield. Will also appears regularly on ABC’s *World News Tonight*—not much anymore, because he has tired

Noak, lamented the leads and missteps, the irony and self-righteousness of the press and self-righteousness of the White House. Sen. Max Baucus, a Democrat from Montana, said he was "not a fan" of the press. Sen. Max Baucus, a Democrat from Montana, said he was "not a fan" of the press. Sen. Max Baucus, a Democrat from Montana, said he was "not a fan" of the press.

Will shares that opinion with the press. He is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press.

Will is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press.

Will wants no part of the cynicism of the press, he says, cheerily adding that he has a "bland, oatmeal view of the world."

at that idea "Anyone who thinks I ever claimed to be objective is simply not reading the column."

But, for now, the column is a long and hard read. It is a long and hard read. It is a long and hard read. It is a long and hard read. It is a long and hard read.

Will is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press.

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A LIPPMANN FOR THE EIGHTIES? Or is George Will too Right for the part?

George Will is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press. He is not a fan of the press.

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Freestyle

In water, it's whatever stroke you choose to help you win a race. On land, it's a dynamic look in L.A. architecture. But what's suitable where land and water meet? Presenting some bold new swimwear for the bright New Wave

THE KOLBE/SAUNTEL POOL, DESIGNED BY LUIS ORTEGA (1962)

**Fashion by Kim Johnson Gress and John Mather
Photographs by Alan MacWooney**

With a few exceptions, all of the swimwear in this advertisement is designed and manufactured in Los Angeles. All rights reserved. All rights reserved. All rights reserved.

For more information, see page 102.

4. **WHICH A JAZZ** was closest to the
L.A. **beat**—the one that got the most
radio airplay in 1964? The closest votes, casting 10
of a total of 25, were cast for the most
popular of the L.A. **beat** bands, the
Meters, followed by the **beat** band
the **beat** band, the **beat** band, and
the **beat** band.

Wright, 37, has a B.S. in psychology from the University of Illinois at Chicago. He is currently a graduate student at the University of Illinois at Chicago, where he is studying for his M.A. in psychology. He is currently a graduate student at the University of Illinois at Chicago, where he is studying for his M.A. in psychology.

(For more information, see page 181.)



THE SHIRE HOUSE,
DESIGNED BY PETER SHIRE
(1981)

Rudolph Schindler arrived from Europe and continued the Bauhaus tradition well into the '50s. John Lautner created dazzling houses from the '40s onward in a variety of world forms.

With all this variety it might not have seemed so startling when Frank Gehry became known in Santa Monica in 1978. But starting it was. Wrapped in an artistic swirl of crumpled metal, glass, and chain-link, his postwar renovation of a Dutch colonial-style house mirrored the neighborhood and astonished the architectural community. The interiors were equally radical, with old plastered walls stripped back to the bricks. Freestyle—with no inhibitions, its risk, and its exuberance—was born.

The Gehry House entered a rash of high-energy residential designs, all over



Walt Disney's abstract-chained cotton palm fronds (1951), by Michael Vukobrat.

town. Fred Fisher's Caplin House, located near Venice's boardwalk, was one of the first. Its curved steel roof resembles a giant, errant wave about to break along the palm trees. Drawn by Thom Mayne and Mike Kazande, particularly a series of studios built in the network of alleys that ran through the island neighborhoods of Venice, used concrete blocks and angular roofing tiles to "quote" from the immediate neighborhood.

Eric Moss's 1988 House (1989) is so called because the star in number was emblazoned across the facade in steel graphics, capturing its suburban confusion. His later Petal House (1992, see page 58) was a bold addition to a sleepy West Los Angeles suburb. The roof opens like a flower to reveal a rooftop Jacuzzi with its

Blue-and-white striped cotton jeans (1975), by Lee Bae.

**THE PETAL HOUSE,
DESIGNED BY ERIC MOSS
(1983)**



eye-level view of the elevated Santa Monica Freeway.

Peter Shure is a successful actor, writer, raised in the Echo Park district of L.A., and famous for his stylized New Wave portraits of the '70s. His Echo Park house (see pages 96-97) resembles an over-scaled version of one. The house's interiors are intense and colorful; the kitchen finished in Color Core, the bedrooms walls decorated with special tile work from the Shore Line.

The village of Miramonte, about 150 miles from L.A., is still widely felt in the city: witness the exotic vintage good and jewelry that designer Luis Ortega built in 1980 and the innards of the rear of what was then *Lawrence Sanders*. Duke Compton's Hollywood Hills residence (see pages 104-105). The tropical colors and forms reflect the Freestyle

Cherry red and white
siding, yellow
cotton and blue
cotton and blue
(1983-84), by Henry
Graham.



**THE JORGENSEN HOUSE,
DESIGNED BY FRED FISHER (1983)**

attention to incorporate elements of local history and culture, rather than to pursue postmodern style. The residents of Europe.

With the Jorgenson House (1983, page 98), Fred Fisher conceived a plan, with building fragments defining the desert landscape. Built high above the Sunset Strip for movie writer Ken Jorgenson, its interior features a lofty studio with bedrooms and bath below. A variety of concrete blocks suggesting urban pattern the walls. Columns made from galvanized drainage culverts filled with translucent concrete give extra graphic effect.

With all this innovation, it seems only fitting that Gentry have the last word. One of his most recent houses, built for environmentalist Bill Norton, is dominated by a tall, tapered tower.

—Tom Street-Porter, author of *Franklin: The New Architecture and Interior Design from Los Angeles*

At left: Black and white, zig-zag striped, and red (1983-84), by Robert Shure. At right: Gray and white, streamlined style, with brick (1983), by Byron. White, with long, curved, polished (1983), by Marlin B. Freytag. (1983).

Voice from the Grave

by Padgett Powell

Hungry: the stuck-up Jehovahs, raised little Brody. There is a certain truth down in Dave: showing them a picture, at least, upon what happened. For I must say that I had not read so many books. It could only have been Brody is a curiosity and so would probably not have helped him. This is not to say, of course, that a more legitimate member of the family might not have come along, spotted him making his break, and helped him out of another motive: to teach him a lesson, let us say. His father would have done that, moral waste dumped that in.

Brody's own story is not good. They say that when a family member dies, incorrect grammar is a sign of love, that is, that they, its chief torturers on earth, can recognize something else. Don't say that, your Aunt Hungry, she'd turn over in her grave if she couldn't find you. The re-memorized child, if he has some spirit, will come outside and put his mouth to the ground and yell and into the dirt, blowing ash and debris away from his dirty face. They have one of these, Brody's wife's sister's child, the whom I am pretending used the services of guardian angel, called more and more to the little disengaged with each lip-to-ground utterance he calls me with.

What does happen in heaven—heaven or

hell, it is partly a matter of choice, and I have often pondered, to another the situation, this happens rather for it—what does happen when one is obliged to turn in a grave, as generally that one does again, but a kind of spiritual promise. And, possibly, give it, and all precious profanity comes shouted into the air, and I do my fabled dance and howl that child the more for doing to torture the dead.

You needn't believe me, but that—a high question of dance—is what heaven (again, off it hell if you will) is all about. If I may speak in earthly parlance: Here we are, the children we were born to, without the eternal promises and passions and respect that made us the human beings we mortally become. And when you can see, from the range of correct vision restored, a young child yet uncrossed by teachings, harshly, it will make you dance. All garden angels are rescued in the first ten days of human life.

This is a far spookier-looking day, you. You do not want to buy it. You wonder, I hope you do, how I inform you of Brody's thoughts on picking dance balls, the crutch

PADGETT POWELL has been in 1992 in *Guinness* after he recently wrote another article in the *University of Florida*. His most famous published to print article in 1994 was nominated for the *American Book Award for Best Fiction*.

of having to pick dance balls, the day he decided to retire. I tell you, Hungry, the dead is right, as a matter of fact, tells you all they think and know on earth.

One night my special child, Lennie, was involved in some ghost story telling in a tent in the backyard. He went outside and squatted down and yelled howl. He was had converted him against the wind for will, it was to him clearly guilty of association with another brother from his straining face a started copper-colored drew back. I possessed that smile to simply smile.

While it occurs to me, Brody did not become a dogfather. Any more than I was a queer, librarian, despite his acknowledged associations with real dogfathers and the simple my developed habit of looking over reading glasses at it before.

Brody's Brody: I was going to be a big dogfather. It's something. The difference. The sign is still good. But... it's not for me. It's the people. The truth. It's just not for me.

His old man, the preacher. My boy, I don't know what he is, come specifically to it. I know he's not a preacher. I know he's got a hundred mothers on chains in a piece of swine he bought. You tell me. I don't know what he is. What does a man do with mothers on chains in a swamp comes by in



ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN WILSON

a new truck or new pants/truck all the time? To talk about nothing? Any old kid can just trying things out, running over, even leave his own mother picking cotton, alone—say, I was at the Bible convention. But to turn out a common man, that time are: almost times by Jack.

A dogfather. Bro! Dogfather'll take ten years off your life. Good the yelling and screaming and... niggers? Nigger don't know how to act so smart, where you put him. And they and all of it. Just go to cock-fighters now. Goodness will run a cockfight.

And dear Lennie. My Aunt Hungry she is not bared very deep. She can hear talk. I think they don't even know where she is buried, because if you say certain things, anywhere, like even in (Washington under the canopy for a race, they say she can hear it even though you can't hear it yourself what your own self says. I want to be sure she hears it if she can get to turn over when she dies.

My dear sister Cecilia. It's hard to say your own story with a quest, but I have to admit it. That's the worst thing. Reaching Brody from the better patch with his red-up mouse was a drop in the bucket next to the marmosets, though that was about the limit of the big ones. She was an intellectual. They say the Library over at Pemberton still

sheds it to this, even though they stopped spending money on it when she died. She had nothing to do with Brody, alone, four years, coming home married to a Mormon girl of all things. They rolled up in a swivel pickup, all sharpshooting looks at the ground, one side and about five of them dogs and in the back, the dogs sitting on the side looking at everything, like what a pile it all was.

Brody on the dogs. These dogs you read about, eating babies don't have a thing to do with it. I've sold three thousand dogs in ten years and not one of them has let a child or I'll know. I'll know about it, brody. I'll tell these dogs to people who pay \$300, and when they pay \$300 they don't expect something to eat their children. I don't think none of my dogs would have a man without proper training, to tell the truth. They don't have to.

Good even says it, my picking up Brody and putting him on the road to run a marmoset. Queer Bro. Do Ho?

It is funny how talk can extrapolate aberrations ultimately all to the devil, to say the first child in a family of brothers to receive an education—to receive himself in reality any way—will be sooner or later alleged homosexual. And naturally my

relatives, my living relatives, were so different. Let me say to clarify as my own directly, let anyone waste energy on the very simplest of human taxonomy by my failure to state the obvious. We are white North Carolina Negroes—not the shonky worst kind of Irish on earth only because of a strange rubbing-off of the otherwise bogus race common assumptions nothing out of the Research Triangle.

I am glad to be able now to take the long view, as we say here. We see the earth every way, time in its various dimensions—one of my favorites is the macromaster slice of a living life. It is possible to see Brody that day as if he is on a two-dimensional cut from the womb by, but his whole life, and all lives around him, have come to be. The rays light of one past moment shines easily through him as he stands nervous, orange-smeared baggy his suitcase, in the wet breeze. He looks rather like an asparagus, brody that. We can place a slice at a later Brody over the same setting: today, for example, he stands there waiting for me (but for me, for anyone) in blue polyester pants the color of the sky and an olive cloth shirt he cannot keep tucked in, his crew cut a little shaggy, looking differently off to the ground next one of his hand shoes, still looking a little beat-up.



Robert Cray Strong Pers

After winning countless music awards and a highly deserved worldwide reputation, Robert Cray gives us an album that's sure to take him all the way. "Strong Persuader," the ultimate rock 'n' blues album.

That quality remains: though he did not become a dogfighter, he did come close enough to share the common mark of the fraternity—the beanie up. Dogfighters look, to a man, just to mention the label, beanie up, dispute brave courtesies against it: bandana pants, leather sport jackets, fancy boots, contractors' jewelry, tall leather and crocodile hair, and more, more. Mike

Gilly series This is partly why they take the pleasure they do in watching a three-colored dog, conditioned to a post sag grating piano wires and marble, induced by another sculpted cat to a soft red lamp resembling blood trees.

There is Brady, his nose suggesting a hickory nose, his slightly webbed eyes, looking startled by nothing in particular, looking up the road at someone (that's correct, taking a deep breath to step-out into view to discover if it is someone who will help or hinder his run away, to discover if it is me and that he will need to compound the cause of escaping with that of lying. Well, he says, almost before I ask, George knows I'm going. Of course he knows

Well I guess she would, I say, smiling, touching her knee, which he has pressed hard into his forearm, as though he would if he could compress the thing into nothing so fast! no more suspects might be raised. This was the moment I first knew I was going to die. I do not mean to sound so melodramatic—I want to live yet for years.

[illegible]

Brody has come to ignore the church, come one, and make money without holding a job, come two. At this minute he is talking to a man he cannot understand in Turkey who wants ten green buildings. The Oriental cannot understand Brody either, because the English he knows is not the English Brody practices. And Brody is not

altogether fluent in some Chinese-English that seems to remedy the ill problems.

Brody says, "I'm on you too, young dogs."

Brody: No sir, we cut the wrong time. I just can't keep puppies till they grown down.

He: Ross
 Brody: Ross?
 He: Yes?
 Brody: What do you want?
 He: Something.
 Brody: What?

Ho: You, Mista Blode
Brodie: Send me a check for \$500,000 dollars
Ho: Thank you.

How did Brody's escape fail? Or did it fail? Perhaps it did not. He came back with full intention of becoming a dogfighter. His fall, or stopped, short. He decided to make the dogs but not make them fight. Which is as successfully cute way of getting it: one doesn't need to make these dogs fight. They volunteer.

[illegible]

The real item: I look very huge and perform up in a inner tube and bungee as best-of with a bumper. I shoot all over the place as the two swings and bounce like on springs. The rubber, you know, looks go away. But I got over the game, instead, quit on me like that, I never been so embarrassed in my life.

—If a dog fight for me an hour good as that—

—Well, tell you what, Jackie. Most
me share my house with your tube and

your hammer, and I get me a rig, and we go up in a tree and go at it. I want to see you

—You don't have the least notion what a good dog is...

—That's fuckin' right. I had one. And I got rid of the next one I got like it: the damned straight same way.

Alive, I never went to a dogfight, but I have been since. I did also go one night looking for Brody in his kennel, the first time I went there, and found myself suddenly ringed by what seemed large bag cats leaped to the ground on chains begging me with body wags to pet them.

His claim: If his Aunt Hammy had known what she was setting in motion that morning she'd killed herself. I hope. We are not fancy people, art-and-all, but we are not common. She might have even known he was going to London or somewhere else due to his duties. But even so she could not have known that that little bit would have caused the largest damage. It defies my logic. It defies my logic.

Brody: the would! Let it wot today out, and when you put it down on the bolts, when they wet, wet, foot back, and you get dha—o—a ha—o

My fine loving relatives too that, in general, my girls be as was reading too general books. What they cannot guess is that when I saw Brody step out of the barn on the Lambersee road I thought: There's Brody, making his race, an wild and plevancy at a close as I can see! I knew Brody wasn't close as an devil, he had an chance, a hard shins and brilliant white socks, and he was pugnacious, but this outcome had straw on it. The cow tried while standing to hide the outcome between his legs, which made his nose pugnacious.

be caught a hundred, if I didn't see him. I bought a rifle, and Land Barbed it, let it fall in, and took to walking the neighborhood early in my other days. I was not a hunter, but I believe I was a good shot. I could be sure of course, as the people were able to graze on one more badge of oligocracy to the already highly decorated spouter. This was the purpose of the combined state. I was not a hunter, but I believe I was a good shot, direct, willing barbed land out here is reported in a moral of oligocracy to the already highly decorated spouter. I was not a hunter, but I believe I was a good shot, direct, willing barbed land out here is reported in a moral of oligocracy to the already highly decorated spouter. I was not a hunter, but I believe I was a good shot, direct, willing barbed land out here is reported in a moral of oligocracy to the already highly decorated spouter.

[illegible]

I will confess to having lived finally a hungry hollow life. I never left Peonkicks and I had the staff to have been anywhere. Not whether my life was a failure or not is not the larger matter. I hope for I look at all the people who for one reason or another do not rise but fit into routine and routinely small, and their failure as a class does not seem to amount to anything.

I took my pleasure then and now in small things—watching Brody run away one day, years later listening to him explain why he could not be a dogfighter, he there on the edge of his wretched pit and I on mine, his wild cry of dogs wailing at us, Brody excitedly telling me of his discovery of a new food concentrate calculated to save money and luck, and two of puppets to be certified for international shipping—to Australia this time, where a man wants to see what they can do for his horses.

"Kangaroo?" I ask. "Why hurt kangaroos?"

"I don't love, I bang."

We must both have pursued our private, limited vision of kung-fu—plored in earnest, topped the void—and I remember thinking this is life, my life, standing at dusk speculating about the fate of a dirty koovoo (misquoting with my dirty knees) nephew I once rescued from pulling tramp bolts and maybe frostbite, and Brady in shadow was thinking a bit less heavily, with refreshingly less grandiosity, about sending the pre-sold-out male or the longer wanted-out guy—both who might do better against the down-under box by a hand-on-chest-chest-on-a-cave.

"Good night, Brady"
"Night, Sharon"

He stands there a minute more, as I do, he is his slippery, hard dress shoes which he perversely insists on wearing instead of practical boots. He is yet escaping that original, damp field, dressed for travel! The main gist of these large, shiny wingtips, which tread uncertain across the sloping dirt to the jumping dog. **Q**

CREDITS

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Page 34-35: The Chemical events at Bhopal, India, and
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For more information contact: Dr. Chaudhary, 400 Fifth Ave.,
New York, New York 10018. Page 36: Michael
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Michael Goldstein, 1411 Broadway, Room 210, New
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Announcing the very first porcelain and bronze sculpture
by one of America's foremost wildlife artists
—original art of extraordinary realism capturing
the full glory of the majestic Bald Eagle—

The Hunter

by W.D. Gauthier

Soaring past the limits of human vision, gliding effortlessly high above our sparkling coast it waters, plummeting to deadly from enormous heights, the majestic Bald Eagle seems almost more spirit than bird. And now, in order to capture the full beauty and strength of this magnificent bird, renowned wildlife artist W.D. Gauthier has married two powerful media: painting, his true sculpture ever in porcelain and bronze, *The Hunter*.

This powerful work of art depicts a heron just as he breaks his dazzling glance—the instant before he seizes his prey. The finely sculpted beak, porcelain reveals every lobe and contour in perfect detail. And the extraordinary strength of the solid cast bronze allows the artist to portray the bird poised in midair with unsurpassed sculptural freedom.

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The Hunter will be crafted to private commission only. It will never be offered through any stores or dealers. So to acquire this unusually distinctive original work of art, please mail your Commission Form today. *Your sculpture is completely reserved.*

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On Writing

Wackos and Other Strangers

by John Gregory Dunne

Edward Wilson used to wear annotated mail with a printed card that read, "no one knows you more in a moment of crisis, followed by a two-column list of the things Edward W. did not do, with the appropriate one checked off. Among the things Edward Wilson found it impossible to do was read annotated manuscripts, give jacket blurbs, agree to be interviewed, comment on the state of literature, give speeches, judge contests, or take part in award ceremonies. When I was younger, I used to think that Wilson's greatest response was the deliberate omission, but with the flight of age, even answers that time is short, I realize that it was a study of self-preservation.

Mail is an occupational hazard at the writer's life. Scarcely a day passes without bound pilfers being stuffed into the mailbox, along with the publisher's accompanying form letter ("an astonishing roman numeral..."). We would be most grateful if you would share with us any comments you might have... "A, which, of course, does not mean that the publisher will be at all gratified if the comments shared are negative. Then there is the literary correspondence. I am a poor student at University High School, currently enrolled in an American literature honors class. I was assigned an eight-term paper on an American writer, and while I am not familiar with your work, I look forward to reading such books of yours as *True Sins*... "I did not realize the child that a writer tends to become tiny if his book *True Sins* is called *True Sins*, especially by an honors student.

Magazines trying to entice the writer into contributing to special issue make a stab at sophistication. "Specially, we wonder if you might think hard a few moments on where you might take *Blindfold Painter* and *Yellow Printer* to see your art, should they be your guests for a long weekend, write one edition, some what you announced. "We have this question, however, would might imagine you. Unsurprisingly rarely mention locations where they wrote you to lecture or to attend their award writers conference, or if they do, they only that while their budgets are small, your participation the world of literature will be more than adequate recompense for what a usually—given travel time to and from, and three days in one—a week out of your life. "For your participation, read one recent entry, "we can offer travel to Tucson, conference registration, which will include tickets to two planned meet events, and double-occupancy accommodations at the Westward Look Resort. "For the uninitiated, "double-occupancy accommodations" means a roommate. Such requests, however, do perform an unintended service. They leave the writer to contemplate, for better or worse, the realities of his financial situation. His overindulged, his not, the images of running what is essentially a non-occupational



recession under a tax code geared to the corporate sector, and how it suggests that on one's speaking engagement in Tucson will end up costing him travel and expenses and the shared room at the Westward Look notwithstanding, three weeks' work.

"I have written you before, because a letter with an interesting story. I invited you to visit writers seminar at Lake Park, and you answered no. I am interested in you. Another letter arrived with a copy of one of my books and a reader's request that I autograph it for her son, who, she says, has read my every word. "The son recently diagnosed as having lymphoma and is in a terribly poor state.

"For the writer, words do. The nation are a constant of the daily poet. "You still have not taken my advice and dumped that massive piece of Jewish drivel you are committed to. "One letter says, My wife, Jean Dedeo, is a WASP from Sacramento. I know. Hence, you are going to tell me she is a WASP from Sacramento. If so, she went to New York City to attend to her mother's estate and came upon the day that she put on the Jewish Whore, that she could not published. Well, she succeeded all too well. Now her whole thing is permeated with the Jewish whine.

"The correspondence is a tangle. I only hear from him. I don't think he is a Jew after I publish a piece. His letters are postmarked from San Francisco, the letters address each time to someone with a different Jewish surname—Goldman or Angel—on a different street in Mid Valley; the letters always end with, "Blessed and welcome are like." He seems to have studied the public record of my life rather more closely than I might have wished, or else—some what colder to the bone—an American JAMES GALELLY JAMES has been writing this correspondence for decades.

ALBERT HIEN

by Paul Bob



SCULPTURE BY ALBERT HIEN

Albert Hien is one of a growing number of artists who are creating kinetic sculptures, works in which motion plays a primary role. Hien—whose sculptures are an interplay of machinery and such elements as light, fire, and water—was born and now lives in Munich; his work will be on display this summer at Documenta 8, an international exhibition in West Germany.



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